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“DE TAL PALO TAL ASTILLA”

BY DR. H. W. MILLS

(Fragmentary notes on the life histories of the two George Millers, father and son, the former of whom started for California in 1846.)

Gentlemen: When invited to read a paper before this Society, it seemed advisable to select a subject of local interest embodying, if possible, original documents not previously published, having some bearing on the earlier days of California's American history.

I have lived in California for only fourteen years, but it has been my good fortune to have been intimately acquainted for practically all of that time with George Miller, the younger, the George Miller who arrived in California in 1861, widely known among all of the old-timers as perhaps the finest shot, and undoubtedly the finest tracker,—Indians not excluded—among a generation of men who in the nature of things were almost all experts at both pursuits.

Those who read the following notes will, I think, admit the propriety of my title, “*De Tal Palo Tal Astilla*”—A Chip of the Old Block,—for the indomitable energy, self-confidence, self-reliance in his own line, and courage that will not be denied, and does not know the word “can't,” which characterized the elder Miller, have been reflected in the whole life of the younger in full measure. To these traits the success of the father may be attributed, and, though in his latter days the fruits of his energy were lost to his family, owing to his weird habit of giving away his substance to strangers from motives which to us seem to resemble to a marked degree those which actuated Don Quixote, yet, in his prime of life, he undoubtedly “made good,” in the language of the country, and his son, who is still with us, having no such pseudo-religious vagaries of opinion as to what constitutes “duty,” made good also. Not mistaking the shadow for the substance, and realizing that “charity begins at home,” he hung on to that which literally by the sweat of his brow he had acquired to such good purpose that he who—to use his own expression—was “his own man at twelve,” is now more than comfortably well-off, being among other things the possessor of one of the finest orange groves in the finest orange country in the world, at Highland, California.

Both believed in the old saying that “God helps those who help themselves”; both were deeply and sincerely religious, with this difference,—that while the older man habitually swore by the “God of Moses,” the younger, a Knight Templar, makes his appeal to the “Great Architect of the Universe.”

When, in 1841, the Patriarch Miller started with his patriarchal family of several wives and many children and a numerous retinue of camp followers for California, he kept a log, and kept it with that exactitude of detail and truth which characterized his every act. This log was destined for his little "spiritual son" (by his second contemporaneous wife) George, Jr.

Years passed—years of almost constant toil and danger; the old man died. The clan, after vicissitudes, which included a ship-wreck in the Gulf of Mexico, ultimately entered the promised land, and with the clan came its much diminished impedimenta, including the old trunk—a sturdy trunk it was—which contained the log.

Now comes the sad part of the story. A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own kindred, and the same dictum applies to the prophet's literary productions.

George, Jr., was a baby—an uncommonly husky, self-reliant and sturdy boy, incidentally,—but too young to be interested in family documents? By no means. Being of a prosaic and practical turn of into the keeping of a female relative. The keeper of the archives forgot in the course of many years its very existence until, in the year 1916, the log was brought to her memory by the fact that the mice ate through the seventy-six-year-old trunk and disturbed her sleep by rummaging in the documents contained therein during the starry night.

Did she instantly take measures to protect and preserve these documents. By no means. Being of a prosaic and practical turn of mind, she instantly consigned the trunk and its contents to the rubbish heap, and applied a match,—casually, some days later, informing George, Jr., of what she had done.

George, who had never heard of the log, but who entertained profound respect for his father's memory, was greatly shocked and at once essayed to rescue the partially destroyed and tattered remnants of what was left of his father's bequest.

From this fragmentary salvage I have transcribed what follows;—many gaps occur;—the pages are yellow with age, and whole segments have gone by the board; frequently a portion of a page is torn off, and other parts are so charred as to be utterly undecipherable. Nevertheless, what remains is of such historic interest that I have thought it worthy to be brought to light before the Historical Society.

The elder Miller, it is true, never reached California—he died en route in Illinois in 1856. Nevertheless, he was one of those brave old pioneers whose Mecca was California, and his clan *did* complete the pilgrimage on which he started. And his sons, and his son's children, aye, and his great-great grandchildren, are with us in California today.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE MILLER, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

I was born in the County of Orange, State of Virginia. My father's name was John, who was the son of Leonard Miller, and my mother's name was Margaret Pfeiffer. I, therefore, was born of John and Margaret in the said state and county, near Stanardsville, on the 25th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-four.

About 1798, my father moved across the Blue Ridge Mountain into the the County of Augusta, Virginia. About the first of November, 1805, we started to move to Kentucky. We stopped part of the winter and spring in Hawkins County, Tennessee, on the Holston River, and about the first of March, 1806, we resumed our journey and arrived in Madison County, Kentucky, in time to make a crop of corn and oats.

In the spring of 1808, we moved about one hundred miles into Boone County, Kentucky, where my father owned 3417 acres of land. The country was new and the few settlers were kind and hospitable.

My oldest sister, Catharine, married John Ferrell a year or two after I was born. They came with us to Kentucky, and, about the time my father began to make a settlement of his land, my only surviving brother, Lewis Miller, married Elizabeth Yates, and my sister Elizabeth married Elijah Anderson, and my sister Mary married James Baxter Daniel, leaving four younger children, viz.: Sarah, myself, Margaret, and Ann, the youngest, unmarried. My mother had five children die in infancy—three boys and two girls. My father apportioned land to all the married children of his house.

My father was addicted to occasional intemperate drinking, which very much impaired his health.

In the year 1810, my sister who married Mr. Daniel moved back to Virginia to live with an aunt of his. And my brother Lewis moved back to Madison County, Kentucky, where he had married.

Nothing worthy to be recorded transpired until the winter of 1811 and spring of 1812, when we had at sundry times severe shocks of earthquakes.

There was much talk of war about this time between the United States and England; preparations were being made by both nations. General Wm. H. Harrison had a hard-fought battle with some combined Indian tribes on Tippecanoe River, near the Wabash River, in the Territory of Indiana. In the month of June war was formally declared by the Congress of the United States of America against England and all her dominions. The war was conducted with varied success.

In the month of May, 1813, I went to my brother's in Madison County, Kentucky. I remained with him until after harvest, when,

at the persuasion of my brother, I entered into a contract with Mr. John Grugett to learn the house-joiner's and carpenter's trade, in the town of Richmond, the county seat. I was not satisfied to remain with Mr. Grugett on account of his incompetency in the knowledge of the art of building, and, the village being too small to admit of many fine buildings, I therefore went to Lexington, Lafayette County, Kentucky, (perhaps the best inland city in the United States). I arrived in Lexington in April, 1814, and worked with Mr. Ater and Mr. Welch, who instructed me in all the mysteries of the trade of joiner and carpenter, until the spring of 1815, when my father's health had so rapidly declined that he sent for me. My father lived about fifteen miles from Cincinnati. In a few days after my arrival my father began to mend and we had hopes of his recovery. I stayed and attended to the cutting of the small grain, and then went to Cincinnati and worked at my trade as a journeyman. I got the best wages. In the month of August my father died, and, after attending his funeral, I continued working at my trade in Cincinnati.

In the fall of that year I made arrangements to go on a campaign to Canada, but it so turned out that I did not go, and the news of peace changed the aspect of affairs so that many were leaving for the eastern cities. I arranged my mother's affairs, and on the 7th of January, 1816, I left Cincinnati on a flat boat for the city of New Orleans. Our boat froze up at North Bend, twenty miles below Cincinnati, where we lay three weeks, until the ice broke up, and we floated again on the mighty waters. A few days after the middle of February we arrived safely at New Orleans.

On the 4th of March I sailed on the fine ship Balize, bound to Baltimore. We had very boisterous weather, and it was not until the 9th of April that we arrived in Baltimore. The next morning after my arrival I obtained work at the highest rate of wages.

In the month of November I went to visit my sister—the one who had married Mr. Daniel—in Orange County, Virginia. I also visited some of my cousins and uncles in Augusta and Rockingham counties, and worked a short time at my trade in Charlottesville.

In the spring of 1817 I returned to Baltimore, where I worked a short time at my trade. At that time Mr. Joseph Glasscock and myself undertook and went to build a fine house for Wm. C. Mitchell near the mouth of the Rappahanock River, in Lancaster County, Virginia. Here I labored very hard; we got the house enclosed and a great deal of the inside work done, when, in the month of August, I was violently attacked with a disease of a complicated form which developed into third-day ague and fever. I was advised by my physician to go to the mountains where my relations lived, if I wished to regain my health. I accordingly brought my business to a close at a great sacrifice to my pecuniary interest,

and in the month of October, 1817, I was accompanied by Dr. Lemoine, Colonel Ball and Mr. Mitchell, who took some men and a boat and put me on board a schooner bound for Fredericksburg, Virginia, situated at the head of the tidewater (and navigation) on the Rappahanock River, where I arrived safely on the evening of the second day. Some incidents on this voyage took place that have ever since caused me to believe that the captain and mate of the vessel (who were brothers) formed a design to take my life, believing, as I supposed, that I had a great deal of money, but, by my decisive and prompt action, their design was baffled. When I arrived at the inn kept by Mr. Young, after refreshing myself, I related the whole matter to my host. He thought their conduct very suspicious, but did not think that they had carried matters far enough to convict them of an actual attempt to take my life. Mr. Young said we would keep the matter to ourselves and he would keep a lookout for them, and report to me if anything occurred that he could have knowledge of; that they were bad men, and that the circumstances of my affair could be brought in as corroborating testimony of their guilt.

I stayed part of two days and one night with Mr. Young, and, although my health had been much injured by my recent anxiety and fatigue, I hired a horse and gig and a man to take me out a distance of 35 miles to the home of my sister in Orange County—the one who had married Mr. Daniel. I did not get there the first day and not until ten o'clock in the morning of the following day. I found them all well and glad to see me. I made a stay of three weeks at my sister's, and my health mended very much. But I still had an ague every third day, but not so severely but what I could go about after a few hours.

About the first of November, 1817, I went to Charlottesville, Albemarle County, Virginia, the proposed site, at that time, of the Central College. But before the erection of the college buildings had begun, the Legislature of Virginia changed it into the University, and applied the literary fund to its endowment and the erection of its buildings, which were on a very large scale. I was employed until 1820 in the erection of these buildings. The first year of my labor on the university was very arduous, for I did not get clear of the ague until the latter part of the August following.

I will now take a brief view of some of the religious notions of my father and mother. They belonged to no religious sect. They believed that the Scriptures were mainly true, but that there was no sect that followed the pattern of the Scriptures. They believed nothing of baptism but immersion. But they had most of their children sprinkled in infancy, because of the established church of the vicinity. My own religious bias was in favor of the Baptists, and my investigations of the religious opinions of the sect, and all

my reading of the Scriptures, were undertaken with a view of strengthening myself in my religious bias. I had early serious religious impressions, beginning at eleven years old, and onwards up to this time, when I partially came to the conclusion that I was a reprobate and consequently could not be saved. About this time I grew careless about religious matters, rather trying to make myself out an infidel, which I could not fairly make out, but finally settled down in a belief in universal salvation, in grades according to men's works.

In the fall of 1819 and winter of the same year I visited my mother and relatives in Kentucky. I brought my youngest sister, Ann, back with me and left her with my sister in Orange County. I made provision for my mother's comfort before I left Kentucky.

About this time I had advanced to the highest degree in ancient Free Masonry. I never took the delight in the institution that some seemed to take. My impressions were that it was corrupt, not carrying out in practice its professions. In fine, I believed it was like the religious sects then extant, corrupt in proportion to the wickedness and corruptions of the great mass of people all over the world.

[Gap in manuscript.]

At a blessing meeting held at the house of Joseph Smith, Sr., in Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois, the 4th day of July, 1840, the following blessing was given by the Spirit, and pronounced by Joseph Smith, Sr., Patriarch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, upon the head of George Miller, son of John and Margaret, born on the 25th day of November, 1794, in Orange County, Virginia:

"Brother Miller, in the name of the Redeemer of the world, the Holy One of Israel, I lay my hands upon thy head, by the power of the Holy Priesthood, as a Father in Israel, to bless thee, and I bless thee with a Father's blessing, and I say unto thee, thou art of the household of faith, and heir to all spiritual blessings of thy fathers, even Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and this blessing shall be upon thy posterity after thee, and thou shalt be a Patriarch in thy family. I pray that thy latter days may be thy best days, for thou hast seen much affliction, and hast been tempted and tried, but the Lord has delivered thee out of all thy troubles. Thou hast had a desire to do good, and to serve God, but didst not know the way, and hast joined thyself to a harlot, but the Lord has now opened thy eyes, that thou canst see, and discern between those that serve God, and those that serve Him not. Thou art of the blood of Joseph, and confirmed in his covenant, even in Ephraim, and if thou art faithful thou mayst become mighty, and be one of the horns of Joseph, to push the people together. Thy name is written on high, and registered in the Lamb's Book of Life, and numbered with the blessed of Abraham's posterity; thy tongue shall be loosed, and thou

shalt be able to confound all gainsayers, and thou shalt go forth even to the ends of the earth, and proclaim the gospel with power; thou mayst convert many of thy former faith; multitudes will gather round thee, and be astonished at thy doctrine, and thou shalt be esteemed as an angel, and the glory of God shall be manifested in thee; thy face shall shine as the face of Moses of old, and thou shalt have great power; therefore, be faithful and live to God, for great things await thee and mighty things are before thee. Thy heart is right in the sight of God, for thou desirest to do his will, and if thou shouldst step aside it is not intentionally, but for want of wisdom. Thou shalt have the riches of the land as well as the riches of Eternity. Thou shall see the Nephites, that remain in the flesh. The heavens shall be opened and thou shalt behold great things and the veil shall be rent, and thou shalt be permitted to look within the veil and behold that which thou wilt not be able to utter; thy life shall be long; thou mayst tarry until the winding up scene, and then be numbered with the hundred-and-forty-and-four-thousand that stand upon Mount Zion; thou shalt have many blessings, that I cannot speak at this time; the lame shall leap as an hart, the blind shall see, the deaf hear, and the poor rejoice in the Holy One of Israel through thy instrumentality; thou shalt be useful, and shalt bring in thy thousands, through thy ministry, and great things shall appear to thee, and marvelous things be done at thy command, for thou art of the blood of Ephraim; thou art a pure Ephraimite, and thou shalt have power over sickness, and death, and the power of the Holy Ghost shall rest upon thee. If thou art faithful, not one of the least of these promises shall fail, for I seal them by the power of the Priesthood, by my office in the name of Jesus Christ, and seal thee against the power of the destroyer, against the devil and all evil spirits, and every abomination and wickedness, and I seal thee up to Eternal life, in the Celestial Glory of God. Even so. Amen.

JOSEPH SMITH, SR.,

*"Patriarch of the Church."*¹

On Thursday, the 13th day of October, 1842, I had an evening meeting at the court house, which was attended by the members of the ban and a great many of the citizens. I think much prejudice was broken down and I was courteously treated by all. On the Tuesday night following, I had another meeting and made a favorable impression, especially on Mr. Charles Seidel, who is going to locate in Nauvoo as a merchant. I had daily combats with one or another, refuting the slanders against the Church of Christ and its official members, and exposing the errors of sectarian religion.

1. This document is not in the writing of Bishop Miller.

On the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, and 25th of October, I was kept in great suspense awaiting the arrival of our boats, and on the last named day, my wife having recovered her health measurably, I left on a raft, or rather rafts, from the St. Croix Mills, with the object of getting intelligence as to our boat, which I expected to meet daily. The raft's crew consisted of some thirty-four or -five men, rather rough characters, although among them were some men of intelligence, all being highly prejudiced. I was necessarily compelled to defend the truth, and made such a favorable impression on the minds of those men that during the eight days I was with them they treated me with the respect and kindness of a brother, and on Wednesday, the 2nd day of November, when I met the boat, they parted with me with seeming regret. This day I found on board our boat Brother Henry W. Miller and family, Sister Gaylord and family, Hiram Mikesel and family, my son Joshua, Brother Henry Thompson, Octavus Pawkit, and Thomas Jenkins. After the salutations caused by our meeting were over, we prosecuted our journey and encamped a short distance below the village of Fulton, Illinois.

November 3rd: We made an early start, traveled about sixteen miles, and encamped on an island four miles below Savannah.

Friday, November 4th: We made an early start—came about fifteen miles, and took up our camp for the night below the village of Beloit.

Saturday, November 5th: This day we had a strong head of wind with cold rain, but made near fifteen miles on our journey. We took up our camp for the night seventeen miles below Dubuque.

Sunday, November 6th: This morning we had a good sailing wind. We reached Dubuque about one o'clock P. M. We were detained getting on board supplies of provisions, etc., to serve our company through the winter, during which time the wind veered so that we could sail no further, and were compelled to cross the river to get a safe harbor for the night. We made about two miles further, and reached a harbor after dark, and took up camp for the night.

Monday, November 7th: Made an early start—had a strong head wind to contend with, and cold rain—made ten miles on our journey, and encamped at Parson's Landing.

Tuesday, November 8th: We had a strong head wind this morning, together with snow. Bought some potatoes and got them on board. In consequence of the bad weather it was thought by some of our hands impracticable to travel, but we finally agreed on a start about nine o'clock; we had some difficulty by reason of getting fast on a rock. Some of us got into the water about four feet

deep to help get the boat off. The shore on which we towed the boat was rough and stony—the precipices in many places jutting into the river so that we were obliged to wade in the water near mid-depth. We came about four miles on this day and encamped in the afternoon for the night.

Wednesday, November 9th: Had a strong head wind with a little snow. Made an early start; contended against the elements all day; made eleven miles on our journey and encamped for the night about four miles below Cassoille.

Thursday, November 10th: Had as usual a strong head wind; traveled about eight miles this day with much labor.

Friday, November 11th: We still had a strong, cold head wind. Contended strongly against the elements all day. Encamped for the night about twelve miles below Prairie Du Chien.

Saturday, November 12th: Brother Henry Miller started before daylight for the Prairie on foot to get my family and other things ready by the time we should reach there. We started early; after we had traveled a few miles a fair wind blew up. We set sail and reached the Prairie a little after noon. Got my family on board and prosecuted our journey about three miles further. The wind ceased and we took up encampment for the night. During the last night the wind blew up favorably. We, however, did not take advantage of it, as so many of the men needed rest.

Sunday, November 13th: We spread our canvas to the breeze bright and early, having all day a favoring gale. We made this day about thirty-three miles,—encamped for the night near Chapala Bluff—took up camp on an island on the Wisconsin side of the river, not thinking it safe to sail at night. Snow fell during the night about an inch deep.

Monday, November 14th: We started early—the wind blowing hard, but not favorably for sailing up stream. We sailed, towed and poled alternately, as the circumstances compelled us, until about noon, just below Winnashuk, when the wind determined fairly in the north, blowing a gale, bleak and cold. Here we came to a halt, the water being too deep to pole, and the bank too brushy and steep to tow. Here we met Mr. Anderson and others from Black River going to Prairie Du Chien. We heard from our friends there, which very much comforted us, hearing that they were in health and had food to sustain them. We, however, got on about three or four miles further by extreme exertion. Encamped for the night on an island, snow falling some two inches during the night.

Tuesday, November 15th: We started early, used every effort possible during the day, and encamped on an island about eleven miles below Prairie La Crosse.

Wednesday, November 16th: We started from our encampment in the midst of a snowfall, but it soon ceased partially. This day we exerted all our physical powers against the wind, snow and deep water with rough banks. Gained about three miles and encamped on the head of an island. The snow continued to fall all night.

Thursday, November 17th: We found the snow floating so thick in the river that it was impossible to prosecute our journey by means of water transportation; therefore, we thought it best to gain a landing on the mainland on the Wisconsin side, which we did, as we supposed, by noon, about seven miles below Prairie La Crosse, near the mouth of Black River. During the remainder of this day we made a harbor for our boat and pitched our tents,—clearing away the snow and making ourselves as comfortable as possible under existing circumstances.

Friday, November 18th: The snow continued to fall during the past night and through this day. Consequently we remained in our quarters, consulting upon measures to be adopted to get ourselves and effects to our place of destination. Upon my proposing to make sleds and to send two men up to the mills for four or five yoke of oxen to haul us and our household effects up, some sparring took place between Brother Henry Miller and myself, he assuming a dictatorial air, treating my opinion with great contempt, assuming to himself the whole authority of directing the operations of the expedition according to the counsel of his own will. He stated that he had received instructions from the Temple Committee to let me have no control or direction in the matters of the expedition whatever, as they would hold him alone responsible, and that I had no right to direct or advise any of the operations of the expedition; that my duties were to make examinations of the country and report to the authorities of the church. I told him I had at least a right to be heard in counsel in the direction of the affairs so far as the Nauvoo House Association was concerned, and would claim the right of a voice in the control of its affairs. He said he was willing to hear the opinions of others, but would do as he pleased, unless the opinions of others agreed with his. I rebuked him for the spirit he evidenced, and expressed my feelings that I was willing to hear the opinions of all and act upon our united wisdom.

Saturday, November 19th: Octavus Pawkit, Brother Henry Miller and myself went up to Prairie La Crosse. The snow was about eighteen inches deep, and we discovered that we were not on the mainland as we supposed, but separated by a small slough, which we crossed on the ice. We saw Mr. Miller of the firm of Miller & Merrick, and learned that we could get storage with them for our provisions, etc. The others of our company were engaged in preparing to make sleds as agreed upon and had got a pair of runners

made by the time we returned in the evening. We came to the conclusion that two of us should go up to the mills for teams, while the remaining members of the company should make ox sleds and have them ready by the time the teams should return, and, if practicable, get our effects up to Miller & Merrick by hand sledging.

Sunday, November 20th: Brother Octavus Pawkit and myself started (with our blankets and provisions on our backs) about ten o'clock, and went up to Prairie La Crosse on the ice principally, as the ice had formed to the shores for a number of rods, sufficient to bear us. This day it snowed some,—we traveled about twelve miles,—in many places the snow was waist-deep,—and took up our encampment for the night in the Black Oak Sand ridges, about one and one-half miles north of La Crosse River.

Monday, November 21st: We started early—in many places, where the snow had drifted, it was almost too much for our strength to breast our way through it. We crossed this day a range of mountains, or rather knobs, from which, when the snow, which was occasionally falling, would permit, we could see the course of the Black River meandering its way through the hills. We fell on a beautiful valley of Prairie and dwarf timber, interspersed with occasional quaking Asp groves towering high, having conical tops and white trunks, imparting to the beautiful scenery which surrounded us that imposing grandeur so peculiarly calculated to captivate and lead the mind of the beholder to the Author of our existence, and Great Architect of the universe. We made our way down this valley near the margin of a beautiful, clear, running brook, until we reached a spot near its junction with a larger stream, which stream, with its numerous tributaries which we could behold from the hills, presented one of the most beautiful prospects I ever beheld. It was the prospect of a country well suited in all respects for the various pursuits of the husbandman and also of the manufacturer, combining as it did much waterpower such as will not freeze. We took up camp on the bank of the former brook in a thick wood.

Tuesday, November 22nd: We started early, winding our way as usual through deep snow until, about three o'clock, we reached a spot opposite the house of the Messrs. Douglas, who ferried us over the Black River in their boat and kindly received us under their roof, and would not let us leave, with their consent, their hospitable home until we had refreshed ourselves. As the distance was yet six miles to our mills, they prevailed upon us to stay all night, giving up their beds to us, and sleeping on the floor. I mention this instance of kindness with feelings of gratitude. During the evening we agreed with the elder Mr. Douglas that he should go down to Prairie La Crosse with his horses and sled, as a pilot, and assist us up.

Wednesday, November 23rd: We ate an early breakfast and



Five generations of the Miller family

started for the mills, reaching them about ten o'clock, and found our friends well. This day we finished a sled that was in the making, and sent up the river five miles for the oxen and some meal to feed them on our journey.

Thursday, November 24th: We got our oxen, five yoke, to the sled about noon. Brother Pawkit having injured his knee, it was not thought advisable for him to go with the teams. While I went down to Mr. Douglas' on foot, Brothers Reuben Oaks and Meham Curtis went with the teams to get hay for our journey, and, while they were on their way, they met with an accident to their sled, and consequently lay out without fire, but reached the home of Mr. Douglas a little after breakfast, having received no material injury from their exposure to the night air. I had much uneasiness on their account.

Friday, November 25th: We left the house of the Messrs. Douglas, with the elder Mr. Douglas for a pilot. We traveled seven miles to a cabin at the mouth of Tryans Run, where they were building a mill. Here we were also hospitably entertained.

Saturday, November 26th: We made an early start—crossed Black River on the ice—got within fourteen miles of Prairie La Crosse and took up camp for the night. This night was intensely cold and we suffered very much, especially Mr. Douglas.

Sunday, November 27th: We made an early start—had a little difficulty in crossing two creeks. We reached Miller & Merrick's about dark, where we were kindly entertained, and learned that the company with the boat had got the boat about a mile further up the river to a trading house, where they had stored, or arranged to store, our provisions, excepting seven barrels of flour and pork, which they had hand-sledged to Miller & Merrick's on the ice. The river being closed, they had also hand-sledged our household effects to the mainland above the mouth of the slough, three and one-half miles below Miller & Merrick's, where they had encamped, Brother Gaylord and family to take care of them.

Monday, November 28th: We went down to the camp before breakfast, but I myself also went down to the trading house where the remainder of our company had quartered, and ascertained that they had only had time to finish the one sled that was on hand when I left them to go after the teams. The company divided their labor—some were put to making a sled, and others to hand-sledding the families and their beds up to the camp. The traders very kindly assisted us, as well as extending other hospitalities towards us, without making a charge. I was exonerated from labor this day in consequence of my having walked all the way up to the mills and back again, breasting, as it were, the snow, finding it necessary to walk before the oxen in order to make the cattle manageable to the drivers.

I, therefore, changed my raiment and returned thanks in my heart to God, our Heavenly Father, for the strength He had given me for the performance of the labors I had just passed through.

Tuesday, November 29th: During the last night the snowstorm almost overwhelmed us, still continuing to fall all day. About noon we put all the families in a large covered wagon box, which we brought down from the mills, and on the three remaining sleds put all our household goods, and set out through the snowstorm. We traveled about seven miles and encamped about dark at a large spring, where we had water for ourselves and cattle, five of us having walked all this day before the cattle in order to break the road.

Wednesday, November 30th: The snow continued falling all night, making it this morning two feet deep where it was not drifted. We were out of hay, and so Mr. Douglas, Brothers Henry Miller, Thompson, Curtis, Gaylord and Jenkins went back one and one-half miles to Miller & Merrick's hay stacks, and brought up great backloads of hay, while the others prepared for a start. When they arrived with the hay we set out on our journey. There being no traces of the track visible, five of us walked ahead, breaking the way, to enable the oxen to get on with the sleds, and it was with the most intense labor that we traveled about four miles and encamped on the bank of a small lake. One of the sleds which was brought up at night having broken and turned over, we held a council and decided to leave one of our sleds and nearly half of our goods. Brother Gaylord and family volunteered to stay and take care of them until we could return for them.

Thursday, December 1st, 1842: We put all our oxen to two sleds, leaving Brother Gaylord and family in the camp to take care of our goods, and set out breaking the road. We had to make a bridge over the creek, which we accomplished, and got the two ox sleds over safely. Brother Miller and Mr. Douglas remained to mind the horse sled that was broken the evening before. We traveled about six miles with much difficulty and pitched our tent for the night. Being short of hay, we cut brouse for the cattle. In a short time the horse sled came up.

Friday, December 2nd: We started early, going ahead as usual to break the road. We crossed a mountain, and, having left some hay on our way down, about a mile off our route, where we intended to cross a creek, we sent Brother Curtis to look after the hay and the rest of us made camp, and looked for a place to cross the creek in the morning. By the time that Brother Curtis returned we ascertained that we should have two creeks to cross.

Saturday, December 3rd: We made a daybreak start, crossed the creeks safely, and after crossing a mountain we found the snow only about fifteen inches deep, which was a great relief to both men and

oxen. Our old track also became visible, and both men and oxen seemed to cheer up. We reached the cabin of Mr. Douglas at the mouth of Tryan's Run about noon. Here we got the assistance of the younger Mr. Douglas, with a sled and two yoke of oxen, and reached the hospitable roof of Messrs. Douglas about dark, where we were kindly entertained, having a good supper which they had prepared and which was indeed a great treat to us.

Sunday, December 4th: The elder Mr. Douglas, who had been with us through our troubles, was taken ill during the night, but most energetically insisted on going through with us to our mills. Brother Thompson and myself left by daylight to get to our mills in time to prepare a good dinner by the time the teams should get up with the families, which was about two o'clock.

Monday, December 5th: This day we prepared our cabins for the families.

Tuesday, December 6th: I took up a new trade—that of shoe-making, in order to fit out the men who are to return with the teams to bring up Brother Gaylord and family and the household effects left with him. I worked nearly all night.

Wednesday, December 7th: Early this morning Brothers Henry Miller, Reuben Oaks and Robert Egbert left with two sleds and five yoke of oxen to bring up the rear.

Thursday, December 8th: Most of the men went up to a shanty five miles up the river to cut logs. Those who did not go up the river, excepting Hiram Mikesel, who has a boil on his breast, are engaged in cutting coal and getting wood. Brother Abram Monseer and myself are closely engaged in making clothes and shoes for the men and mending boots.

Friday and Saturday, December 9th and 10th: We continued our several employments, Brother Monseer and myself working the greater portion of every night for the purpose of getting our company clothed and shod.

Sunday, December 11th: All of those who were not down with the teams assembled together and had a comfortable meeting, enjoying a good degree of the Spirit during our exercises, and having our strength renewed.

Monday, December 12th: We all continued as before in our several employments. This evening, quite unexpectedly, the teams returned with Brother Gaylord and family and our effects. All were well, to our great joy and satisfaction.

Tuesday, December 13th: We continued our several employments. All those coming up with the teams helped with the labor, except Brother Henry Miller, who is making himself some bedsteads.

Wednesday, December 14th: This day I was engaged in writing

up this memorandum and all the others. I will here remark that the women folk of our company have been as busily engaged as any of us, in making, washing and mending the clothes for the men, whom we found very bare of clothing on our arrival here. No one ate idle bread. At seven o'clock P. M. I began to work at night as usual at shoe-making for those in need of shoes.

Thursday, December 15th: We were all engaged as before during the day.

Friday and Saturday, December 16th and 17th: We were likewise engaged.

Sunday, December 18th: We held a meeting today. All those who were cutting saw-logs up the river came in last evening to attend. Brother Henry Miller spoke for two hours, and I made some remarks in conclusion. Two or three of our neighbors came in during the service.

Monday, December 19th: Nine of us, including Brothers Henry Miller, Cunningham, Pawkit, Thompson, Gaylord, Adams, Monseer and Thorn, went up to Spaulding's Mills at the falls of Black River. The residue of our company were engaged in setting a coal kiln and banking logs at our upper shanty. Those of us who went up to the falls arrived at Mr. Spaulding's mills early in the afternoon. We made some examinations of the premises and held a council in regard to making a bargain with Mr. Spaulding for half of his mills, as before agreed upon.

Tuesday, December 20th: We looked at the machinery and the surrounding country and came to the house in the evening to make out the writings, but, because of a misunderstanding on the part of Mr. Spaulding, the negotiation was broken off.

Wednesday, December 21st: Early this morning part of our company returned to assist those who remained below in their labors. Brothers Miller, Gaylord, Pawkit, Thompson, Cunningham and myself went up to McClean's Falls to examine them preparatory to building our mills on them. Mr. Spaulding, finding out that we would not be trifled with, made further overtures to sell us half the mills at the falls, but we plainly told him that we had no further proposals to make, but would return in the evening, and that, if he acceded to them, we would then draw up the necessary writings. We went up to McClean's Falls—found an excellent site for a mill, and came to the conclusion to build forthwith if Spaulding did not agree to our proposal. On our return he made us a proposal, during the evening, to sell the whole mills, but did not state the price.

Thursday, December 22nd: We arose early and Mr. Spaulding made a definite proposal. We struck a bargain with him and made

the writings. We left for home about one o'clock and arrived there after dark, say six o'clock. This night was intensely cold.

Friday, December 23rd: This morning the thermometer, at sunrise, was 24 degrees below zero; during the latter part of the night some one of the company, who examined the thermometer, stated that it was as low as 28 degrees below zero. This day we were preparing to move up to the falls, gathering our effects from the shanties above.

Saturday, December 24th: This day is more pleasant than yesterday, the weather still gradually moderating. We are all busy preparing for Christmas and getting ready to move up to the mills at the falls.

Sunday, December 25th: This day we were all together, and had our exercises, greatly to our edification. Some of our neighbors came in during our service, behaved themselves respectfully and found no fault.

Monday, December 26th: Some 16 or 17 of the men, residents of this country, came in for the purpose of eating a Christmas dinner with us, which we had previously prepared to give to all who would call on us. We had an excellent dinner. Our guests seemed to be much pleased with the entertainment. They all seemed to venerate us, expressing the kindest feelings toward us.

Tuesday, December 27th: This day we held a council and determined to send Brother Elijah Cunningham to Nauvoo for twenty additional men to assist us in our labors. We partly loaded our sleds preparatory to moving on the morrow. This day was mild and beautiful—thawing all day.

Wednesday, December 28th: At some time in the night snow began to fall. We, however, made an early start for the falls, all except Brother Cunningham, who started for Nauvoo, and Mr. Curtis, who started with a horse and train to Prairie La Crosse to bring up flour, and Brother Gaylord and family, who remained to take care of our place and stock, and Brother Thomas Jenkins, who remained to finish burning a coal kiln. The snow continued falling all day, and we had to travel on the ice with three sleds. One of the teams broke through the ice, but we got them loose from the sled and pulled the sled back without breaking in. We then got the oxen out without injury. We then continued on our journey through the snow-storm about ten miles to Messrs. Wood and Morrison's shanty—they kindly entertained us for the night. Six of our men not having room in the shanty, went two and one-half miles further up the river to Mr. O'Neal's.

Thursday, December 29th: The snow had fallen during the past day and night about eight inches. We made a daybreak start, left the ice at Mr. O'Neal's, and went overland to our mills at the falls.

We arrived here about noon, cooked and ate our breakfast, and commenced repairing our shanties for the families, and the stables for the cattle.

Friday, December 30th: We were all busily engaged as yesterday, except Brothers Egbert and Oaks, who went back with the teams to bring up more of our effects. This day Brother Curtis returned the horse because it was refractory and refused to work.

Saturday, December 31st: We continued fitting up and getting saw logs preparatory to running the mill, which we are to get possession of next Monday morning, together with three yoke of oxen, hay, oats, potatoes, etc.

Sunday, January 1st, 1843: This day we had previously set apart for fasting and prayer and for returning thanks for the manifold blessings received since we left Nauvoo, but many of the inhabitants came in from Black River, expecting to hear preaching, and we then changed our plans. Brother Henry Miller spoke on the first principles of the Gospel, in the forenoon, and the afternoon we spent as before contemplated.

Monday, January 2nd: This day we sent Brother Meacham Curtis to make timber claims, as we discovered a disposition in the people to make claims with a view to speculate at our expense. The rest of us were engaged in various employments, cutting and hauling saw logs, hay, etc., sawing and preparing places to pile lumber and also repairing the stables. The cold is increasing, the thermometer ranging at, and below, zero.

Tuesday, January 3rd: This morning the mercury is at 22 degrees below zero. All of us were engaged as before. The pitman of our saw mill broke today.

Wednesday, January 4th: I proposed to make a move to get all the logs that we could with part of the hands to stock the mills, and four or five of us set to work and put the two mills that have been sawing in thorough repair, they having been so badly constructed, in the application of water, that they had never paid the expense of running them. We also proposed to complete the third mill, which was already in a state of forwardness, but Brother Henry Miller opposed me so arbitrarily that I gave way. Nevertheless, Brother Pawkit and I began to get timber to complete the mill partly erected. The others were engaged as yesterday, except one man, who started on a new pitman for the mill. Weather moderating.

Thursday, January 5th: This day we were severally engaged as yesterday. Two men, however, worked on the pitman and got it in, but the mill would scarcely saw at all. We had Mr. Avery commence work with us today. Brother Abraham Monseer and myself are engaged of evenings tailoring and shoe-making. It does not freeze at all today.

Friday, January 6th: This day grew a little colder. We were engaged as before, except four of us, who are at work in putting all three mills in thorough repair. We also keep one man sawing.

Saturday, January 7th: We are engaged in the same work as yesterday. The mercury stands below zero.

Sunday, January 8th: The mercury this morning was 22 degrees below zero, but gradually moderated during the day. Several of the neighbors came in and also two Indian traders, and requested to hear our religious tenets. I asked several of our elders to preach, but they declined, intimating a desire that I should speak, which I accordingly did. Those who came to hear seemed to be well satisfied, having no objections to raise.

Monday, January 9th: This day the weather is quite moderate. We sent three sleds to our hay meadow, eight miles below here; one of them went to the lower mills to bring up some of our effects. This evening we sold our lower mills to Mr. Spaulding. Two of the sleds returned about dark.

Tuesday, January 10th: I drew the writings in regard to the sale we made yesterday. This morning some of us made preparations to send up a team and five or six men to McClean's Falls to cut and bank logs, the weather being very pleasant. The remaining teams returned.

Wednesday, January 11th: A light snow fell last night. Our teams went up to McClean's Falls with the hay and to take up the tools, etc., for the men to work with.

Thursday, January 12th: The mercury stood at 22 degrees below zero, but moderated during the day. Our teams returned from McClean's Falls and we prepared to move Mr. Spaulding down, and to bring Brother Gaylord and the remaining effects from the lower mills.

Friday, January 13th: A pleasant day. We sent our teams to the lower mills with Mr. Spaulding and his household goods. Those of us who are not otherwise engaged are at work on the mills.

Saturday, January 14th: A pleasant day. Our teams returned, bringing Brother Gaylord, his family and effects. All were glad to see them, as they are greatly devoted to the upbuilding of the cause.

Sunday, January 15th: This is another pleasant day.

Monday, January 16th: A cloudy, gloomy day—temperature 42 degrees. We sent two teams down the river to our hay meadow to sled up some hay on the ice, for fear lest the ice should get bad, as appearances indicate a thaw. The sleds returned after dark.

Tuesday, January 17th: The weather continued soft. We intended to have sent the hay brought up yesterday to McClean's Falls, but the ice became so rotten that it was impracticable. We therefore moved the hay and let our teams rest, as they are much reduced in

consequence of the constant hard usage and through our not having grain to feed them. The Indian traders with whom we stored our provisions came up this evening with trains and went on up to the forks to trade with the Indians.

Wednesday, January 18th: This is a warm, cloudy day, with occasional light rain or mist. The teamsters assisted about the mills.

Thursday, January 19th: The weather continued as yesterday and the men were severally employed as before.

Friday, January 20th: This was a rainy day, and we continued our several employments.

Saturday, January 21st: This morning was clear, but warm, with some wind; it, however, soon clouded over and became a little cooler. We all worked on the tail race, which had become filled with stones falling in by the abrasion of the water, and also put the flutter wheel of our new mill into its place.

Sunday, January 22nd: This morning was cloudy again.

Monday, January 23rd: The sun rose on us this morning in all his splendor, the mercury standing at 32. Yesterday the head-gate gave way, letting the water in on the works of our new mill, the river having risen over two feet. We fixed in a temporary head-gate and partially repaired the water-gate, which was badly made and out of repair. We put one team and sled to hauling logs, and started the small mill to sawing. This has been frozen up ever since we bought the mills. We find it a poor concern, but will, however, run it until we get time to overhaul it. Two hands are engaged in piling lumber and working on the railroad. The weather continued clear and warm.

Tuesday, January 24th: Another clear day. Brother Pawkit came down from McClean's Falls, having injured a cross-cut saw by falling a tree on it. He came down to have it repaired. He informed us that the team at McClean's Falls had run out of hay, and that the ice on the river, where it has not broken up, is not sufficient to bear the oxen, they being on the opposite side from, and 10 miles above, our house, and that there was no road by which we might haul hay to them at the falls. We shall, therefore, have to bring them down and swim them across at the falls to the side of the hay, until we can do better.

Wednesday, January 25th: A pleasant, clear day.

Thursday, January 26th: This morning we found a great change in the weather, rain and hail falling, accompanied by wind. Consequently we thought it most prudent to keep our oxen stabled, and not expose them to the weather. Light snow continued to fall all day.

Friday, January 27th: Snow kept lightly falling all day. Our teams hauled hay, assisted by the team that returned from McClean's Falls, as our meadows are about a mile off, and we feared there

might be a deep snow and thought that we should get the hay beforehand.

Saturday, January 28th: It cleared off during the night and we had another very pleasant day. Our men up at McClean's Falls have consumed the pork and potatoes they took with them—so we are informed by those who came down this evening.

Sunday, January 29th: A very pleasant, clear day. Six or seven of us took a walk northwest from the mills with a view of seeing the face of the country. There being but little snow, the walking was good. We therefore rambled about five miles—found the face of the country broken, with the exception of coves and valleys of excellent farming land. On our return we passed a plain or barrens of one thousand or fifteen hundred acres, of rather a thin quality of land, only part of it being susceptible of advantageous cultivation. It would probably sustain a population of twelve or fifteen thousand.

Monday, January 30th: This morning is cloudy, it having snowed a little during the night. Snow fell occasionally all day. We sent a supply of provisions to our men at McClean's Falls.

Tuesday, January 31st: The wind this morning is blowing from the north and, although it is much colder than yesterday, some snow is falling. The cold and wind increased all day, with snow, making it the most disagreeable day we have had this winter.

Wednesday, February 1st: This morning is clear and cold, the mercury standing at, or about, zero all day.

Thursday, February 2nd: This morning light snow was falling, which continued until about noon, when the clouds dispersed and the remainder of the day was clear and pleasant. Part of the men began repairing the dam of the small mill, which was erected over a brook and was so injured by the winter frost that it became necessary to make many repairs on it before letting the water in from the river, which we are nearly ready to do, it being necessary to keep up a head, the brook not being sufficient.

[Gap here from 1843 to 1846.]

1846

After many plans had been proposed for the sake of order in traveling, finally, on the 6th day of February, 1846, as many families started west for California as could conveniently ferry their wagons and effects over the Mississippi River, and I amongst others. We went eight miles out into Iowa and camped on a stream called Sugar Creek, orders having been issued by Brigham Young for all hands, that could be ready to start west, to be moving. We remained in this camp until the 4th day of March, when orders were again issued to move forward. We went on sixteen miles further and camped between Farmington and Bonaparte on the Des Moines River. While

we were camped on Sugar Creek there was hardly a night without a council, and quite as many changes of plans as councils. At one of these councils (which were usually held at night) Howard Eagan came to my tent and called me aside for a private talk. He asked me if I was going to cross the bridge to the council tent that night. I told him I was. He then told me that he had a private matter to communicate, and did not want me to tell who had informed me, that orders had been issued by Hosea Stout to all the sentinels that if I crossed the bridge they were to kill me and throw me over the railing into the creek. I immediately started to the council, and the sentinel on the bridge hailed me. I told him that I was the person that he had orders to kill and throw into the creek. At the instant, setting my foot forward and taking him by the arms, I threw him his length on the floor of the bridge. Then, passing on into the council tent, I demanded of Brigham Young what kind of order had been given the guard to kill me and have me thrown over the bridge into Sugar Creek. He said he did not know that any such order had been given. We had Stout and some of the guards sent for. They appeared before the council, and upon examination stated that Stout had given the order to kill me. Stout said that, on mustering and changing the guard, he had, by way of a joke, said to the guard, "Let all those who pass the bridge to council go unmolested, except Bishop Miller; kill him and throw him over the bridge." He supposed all had understood it as an idle joke, as he had spoken at his usual tone of voice, and in a public way. The guards said they did not know whether Stout had been joking or not, but could not think he was in earnest. It seemed to them a very strange order. They were inclined to think he was joking.

We had repeated delays, from causes that I could not understand. One day orders would be issued to go ahead, and the next day orders would be issued to stop and lie by in camp. On one particular occasion, the two brothers, O. and P. P. Pratt, and a company of others and myself, had gone on ahead about eight miles, where we lay in camp a day or so, awaiting the coming up of Young, Kimball and Richards, as they had already assumed supreme authority, when a messenger arrived with orders from Brigham to return forthwith to their camps and give an account of ourselves, or they would cut us off from the church for disobedience. We got on our horses and rode back. I remonstrated at their high-handed measure. They said they had sent for us to have us in their council. And in like manner our time was consumed, without our making much progress on our journey, and it was not until the 13th day of June that we arrived at Council Bluffs, a distance of two hundred and seventy-five miles from the city of Nauvoo, by my computation.

Here another round of delay took place, and it was not until the 6th of July that we crossed the Missouri River, and only a minor

part of the camp at that. About this time a deputation of officers came up from Fort Leavenworth, with orders from General Kearny that we could not be permitted to leave the United States with the bad feelings we entertained against the general government, and go to California, unless we furnished a battalion of soldiers to operate with the United States against Mexico in the present war; and, if we refused compliance, we were to be forthwith dispersed in the States. Brigham called a council; I did not attend. The result of their deliberations was that they should enlist a battalion for one year's term of service, the men to be then mustered out of service, with permission to retain their arms, and they stipulated that such mustering out of service should take place at San Francisco. About this time the Sioux Indians attacked the Pawnee Loup Indian Village, and burned and sacked it, the Pawnees being on their summer hunt, and no one being at the village but the missionaries, farmers, etc. They took alarm and sent a dispatch to the Bluffs for teams to bring them and their effects down to the Bluffs. I made a bargain with them to haul them and their effects down, and forthwith started (the distance being 120 miles), with thirty-two wagons, and the families thereto belonging, intending to unload the wagons and camp out, and let the teams return with the missionaries to the Bluffs.

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We started on this expedition on the 9th day of July, and on the 18th we arrived at the mission station. On the 22nd of July, we sent them to Council Bluffs. We received in payment for hauling the effects of the missionaries their standing crop of wheat, oats and garden vegetables, together with a lot of old corn, which was all better for us than money. While the teams were gone with the missionaries' goods, we harvested and threshed our grain, shelled the corn and sacked it, all ready for a move on the return of our teams. One morning, before the dew dried off so that we could proceed to threshing, we saw persons walking in the distance, and, by the aid of a glass, distinctly ascertained that the objects were eight Indians approaching. They came up without any hesitancy, and when I interrogated them through James Emmet, who acted as interpreter, we ascertained that they consisted of the principal chief of the Ponca Indians and seven chiefs or braves, who had come to offer assurances of peace to the Pawnees, lest they might think that the Poncas had taken part in the burning and sacking of the Pawnee village. We pitched a tent for them, and extended our hospitality toward them.

On the return of our wagons from the Bluffs, a large number of wagons came up from the Bluffs, which increased our whole number to two hundred and four, and persons to six hundred, with written orders from Brigham Young to start forthwith for California. I had sent men to the Bluffs to bring up two cannon, six pounders,

that had not yet returned, but, nevertheless, I began crossing the River Platte, as our road lay on the south side of the Loup Fork, on which we were then camped. On the 8th of August, our men that we had sent for the cannon got back, bringing another letter from Brigham Young directing me to stop short where I was; to organize a high council of twelve, and preside over them in their deliberations,—the said council to manage all matters relating to my camp, as it was called, both spiritual and temporal,—and bidding us go into winter quarters, some at the place where we then were, and the others at Grand Island on the South Platte.

Our Ponca Indian chief was yet with us. We informed him of the purport of the orders we had received from our big captain, and he told us that it would not do at all; that our big captain knew nothing about Indian customs; that the Pawnees wintered their horses at Grand Island, and that our immense herd would eat up all the feed before winter would be half gone, and when the Pawnees came in from their summer hunt they would kill all our cattle and drive us away; that it was wholly impracticable to winter in the places designated by our big captain. But he said that if we would go with him to his village on or near the mouth of the Loquocore or Running-water River, there were rushes abundant to winter all our cattle, and to spare; that it was his country and he had the granting of privileges and there was none to object, and he could ride to it on his pony in two days. We held a council in regard to what should be done in our present circumstances, and unanimously agreed to go with the Ponca chief to his village. He had already agreed to act as pilot. We had, in the meantime, recrossed the Platte River, and on the 13th of August started for the Ponca village. We saw and killed a number of buffalo on our route, and, without loss or accident, arrived on the 23rd of August at the Ponca village and found everything truly represented by the Indian chief.

The excitement and surprise were very great in the Ponca camp at our approach. They were riding and running in every direction, twenty or thirty riding toward us. We were no doubt a great curiosity to them—two hundred wagons and a vast herd of cattle. On nearing us they recognized their chief, who spoke to them, and all was calm. The chief was quite sick at this time; however, he called a council of all his chiefs and braves and made a long speech to them, after which he told us the land was before us and we were to build ourselves lodges and feel ourselves at home. We made them some presents and then prepared for setting about making shanties for the winter. The name of this chief is Tea-Nuga-Numpa, signifying, or rather interpreted, "Buffalo-Bulls-Two."

We were now, as we supposed, at home, but very serious results sometimes grow out of very little things. The old chief continued sick and, as part of our wagons were moving up to the place of

our shanties, we passed through the Indian camp, and all the Indians came with a rush, with arms in hand, upon us, threatening destruction, saying that their chief was dying and we must have poisoned him. I ordered a halt and went into the chief's lodge and found him just recovering from a fainting fit. He extended his hand to me and began to speak, saying he was about to die and that his brother would succeed him as principal chief and he must talk to him and the lesser chiefs and cause them to carry out his promises to us. They forthwith assembled around him—it was now getting dark—and the venerable chief began his death-bed talk, which lasted over an hour. He presented me before them, stating that I was his friend and brother, and it was for them to treat me as such. By the time this talk had ended, the darkness was such that we could not travel, and the old chief's brother advised us to camp right where our wagons stood, and sent some of his young men to assist us in camping. The old chief seemed better in the morning, and we all moved up to the place of our shanties. This day the great Tea-Nuga-Numpa died, and the mourning was indeed very great for this truly great man. Their custom for interring their dead is for each mourner to cut up a large sod and lay them in a conical form around the body of the deceased, and the size of the mound is always in proportion to the number of mourners. On this occasion all turned out, from the least to the greatest. Their cries were very great and sore.

All seemed to go on well with us for a time, until the Indians left on their winter's hunt. A short time after they had gone, all of our horses were stolen, with the exception of those belonging to James Emmit. A council was called to deliberate on the course best to be pursued in regard to the stolen horses. Nearly all were in favor of raising men and pursuing the Indians and retaking our horses. I alone opposed the measure, on the ground that the Poncas had most likely taken our horses and that it was not advisable to break friendship with our Ponca friends as we were in their country, and that if they had not taken them, as their chief had promised us protection, they might undertake to recover our horses for us, and that if the brethren would leave the matter to me, I would recover the horses; and in case of failure, if I could not satisfy them, I would be responsible to them for their lost horses. My offer was agreed to, and James Emmit and myself set out to find the Ponca camp. We proceeded up the Loquocore River about one hundred and twenty miles, and came up with them. They manifested great pleasure in seeing us. On approaching the camp we discovered some of our horses running out among the Indian horses. It was but a short time after taking care of the animals we had ridden that we were invited to partake of a feast at the lodge of the principal chiefs, and so on in quick succession until we had eaten four feasts, prepared

at the lodges of the chiefs, and at night we were conducted to the lodge of the principal chief, who (after the usual ceremony of smoking) said that if we had anything to say, we should then talk.

I accordingly began my speech by inquiring how they had succeeded in their hunt. The chief replied that, considering the lack of horses to ride in the chase, they were making a very good hunt, and, if we would send up four wagons, he would load them with meat. I told him that we had nothing but ox teams and they would not be able to make the trip. If we took them from the rushes, they would starve, as they could not eat the cottonwood bark as the horses did. Then I thanked him for his kind offer and told him that I was very sorry that they had not horses sufficient for a successful winter's hunt, but that we were so poor we could not help him or we would gladly do it; that we had but eighteen horses, and I supposed that on account of their great lack of horses his men had taken them, as I had seen the horses among theirs; but for us who were chiefs it would not do to break friendship on account of our men doing wrong; that if I were rich I would give him the horses, but, as I was poor, I could not do it, as they all belonged to my men. I told him further that I knew the Indians could take better care of the horses than we could and I was glad they had them; that they needed them on their hunt, and could return them in the spring in better plight than if we were to keep them ourselves.

At this time the chief arose and smote on his breast, saying his heart was sick, that my tongue was not forked, that I looked good to him, just as I did when he first saw me; that his whole heart was sick to think that his men had taken the horses of so good a man. Then turning to the interpreter he said a few words and then went out, and, in a few minutes, I heard the war-chief going through their camp, among the lodges, making a loud and long harangue. After he had done, a silence prevailed, and the chief, coming up to me, said, "Walk outside." Then, presenting the horses, he said, "They are all here." I told him I did not want the horses, I would lend them to him until spring, and they might then return the horses, or buffalo robes at their option. After this we smoked, and the chief allotted us our lodging for the night. We lay down and had a comfortable night's rest. Next day, after feasting abundantly on the best of fat venison and buffalo meat, and receiving many assurances of good will, we set out on our journey home, loaded with all the meat we could carry.

In the course of the winter we sent down eighteen wagons to Missouri for provisions (a distance of 330 miles), as we were apprehensive that we might be short before we should get in our next year's supply.

I saw daily manifestations of Brigham Young's jealousy and hatred toward me, as indicated by the letters he wrote up to our

camp, to sundry individuals, warning them not to let me prejudice their minds against the authorities of the church. Part of the teams we sent down to Missouri, having stayed longer than I had anticipated, and Brigham Young having sent an express to me to meet them in council at winter quarters, and bring James Emmet with me (as he had also in Joseph Smith's life-time been organized into the council of the fifty Princes of the Kingdom), and not to fail in coming, as important matters were to be taken up in the said council for their deliberation and action, I, at the receiving of the message, thought I should not go. But my son Joshua not having yet returned from Missouri, where he had gone with others to purchase grain, I altered my mind and concluded to go, and, after the counselling should have ended, help my son home to Ponca village. I had been down to winter quarters and returned only a short time before this, and had the journey to perform on foot (a distance of 180 miles), and to go a second time seemed rather a task. However, Emmet and I set off, and hunted and killed our food on the way. The excellencies of this man Emmet as a skilful hunter and pioneer cannot be too highly spoken of; he was perhaps never excelled, even by the renowned Daniel Boone. When we arrived at the winter quarters the council convened, but their deliberations amounted to nothing. However I was not wholly overlooked in their deliberations. Brigham Young, Kimball and Richards proposed that I should come down to winter quarters, bringing with me part of my family, and take my place with Bishop Whitney in managing the fiscal concerns of the Church, and that I should be supported out of the revenues of the Church; which, however, was not done. This council, originally consisting of fifty-three members, of whom some twenty had gone on missions, or were by deaths and other means absent, was now swelled to a great crowd under Brigham's reign. It adjourned Sunday and I proceeded on my way down into Missouri on foot to meet my son. I went one hundred and forty miles before I met him. The weather was intensely cold and my son got his feet badly frost-bitten. When we got to winter quarters (about the 28th of January, 1846), I had presented to me a revelation, given through Brigham Young, in regard to the journeying of the Saints west, and Young intimated to me that a First Presidency would be organized. I was greatly disgusted at the bad composition and folly of this revelation, as also at the intimation that a First Presidency would be organized—so disgusted that I was, from this time, determined to go with them no longer, and to look out a place where I might support my family, and remain until the true Shepherd of God's flock should show himself to lead the Church and the Kingdom of God. The trio, namely, Young, Kimball and Richards, sent up to Ponca village E. T. Benson and others to teach the revelation received by Brigham Young, and assist in bringing

me and part of my family to the winter quarters at Council Bluffs, according to the decree of Brigham Young and his council. I must confess that I was broken down in spirit on account of the usurpation of those arrogant apostles and their oppressive measures.

LETTERS OF GEORGE MILLER

Saint James, June 23, 1855.

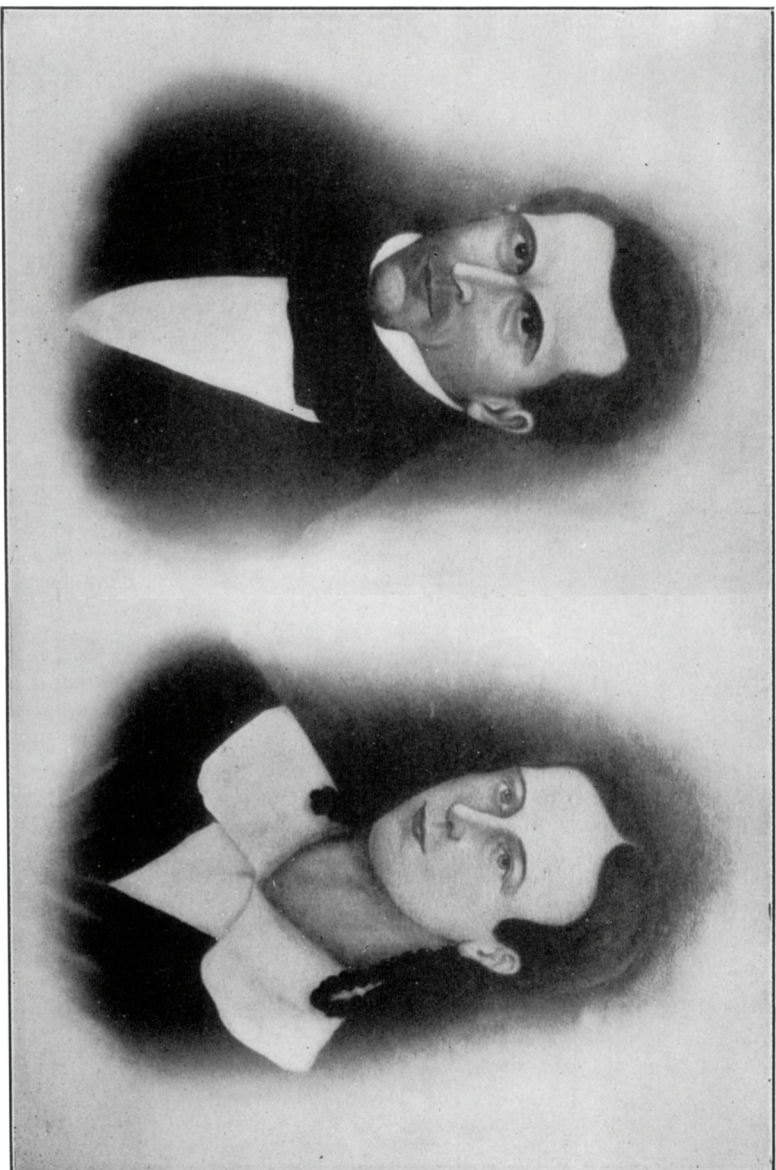
Dear Brother:

In accordance with your request, I now proceed to write you a series of letters, narrating some incidents of my life and experiences since I have been a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

In the early part of November, 1838, the wolves being unusually destructive to my flock of sheep, to avoid the perplexity of having them daily killed, I resolved in my mind that I would reserve of my flock for family use a sufficiency, and take the residue (amounting to a little over five hundred) into the adjoining state of Missouri—I was then living in McDonough County, Illinois, about five or six miles east by north of the village of Macomb—and there find a market for them. While I was ferrying my sheep over the Mississippi at the town of Quincy, Illinois, I met with a young man on the ferry-boat who had been into the town to get himself armed and equipped for the purpose of entering the Mormon war, as he was pleased to call it. This declaration of the ignorant young man was indeed news to me. I had heard through the medium of the newspapers that a set of religionists had recently sprung up in north-eastern Ohio, but had never taken interest enough in the matter to read an entire article, thinking it all humbug.

When I got to Mr. Merrill's, six miles from Quincy, who lived in Marion County, Missouri,—being a Campbellite preacher and tavern-keeper—I put my sheep up for the night and found a crowd collected there and much excitement and confusion prevailing. This was the night of the 8th of November. It is not to be expected that I heard much good said of the Mormons in this clamorous collection of ignorant, enthusiastic beings, and, although I entered into the discussion of every topic, I gained very little knowledge of the causes of the Mormon war, as it was called.

Early the next morning, after my past night's confusion, I put my sheep-drove in motion and made nearly twenty miles on my way west, all the way trying the chances of selling my sheep, but found no buyers on account of the war excitement; there being none but the old superannuated men, females and negroes left at home, and they all excused themselves from buying sheep on the ground of having used all their ready money to arm and equip those who at the



Bishop Miller

Mother of George Miller, the younger

governor's proclamation had responded to the call to drive out every Mormon beyond the limits of the state, or exterminate them.

I stayed the night of this day at the house of an old aristocrat, a native of Virginia (and, of course, of one of the first families), possessed of more pride of family than sound judgment, or general information. I had many warm arguments with him on free religious tolerance and the Mormon war, which, as I now considered it, was nothing more or less than a religious persecution incited by the fear that owing to their increasing numbers they might in a short period give political character to the state, if not nipped in the bud. I became convinced during the arguments against the Mormons by the old egotist (my host) and his disclosures of the cause of the Mormon war, that it was, as I supposed, a religious persecution, an ungodly crusade against an unoffending, innocent people; and I ever after treated it as such, while I remained in Missouri selling my sheep.

I did not return home until the first of December, and before I left the state the war was ended.

On my way home I was detained a week by the ice running in the Mississippi, cutting off the communication between the adjoining states, and, the old preacher Merrill's being the nearest house of entertainment, there was a general resort to this house by all transient men that were waiting to cross the river.

The house was very crowded by men from Kentucky, Iowa and Illinois, all prejudiced more or less against the Mormons, except Judge Holman of Kentucky, who was on his return home from emigrating the Pottawattamie Indians, as principal agent to emigrate them west of the Missouri River.

He informed us that he had gone and returned through the far west, and the firm conviction of his mind was that it was a religious persecution and political jealousy of the growing strength of the Mormons.

Judge Holman and myself had to contend against the crowd, who were headed by our host, Preacher Merrill. Our arguments—or rather quarrels on the part of our opponents—were very bitter; all were more or less excited. Holman was a host to contend with, and bore down all opposition, and we really succeeded in silencing the crowd before the end of our six days' and nights' discussion.

By the time I got home the advance guard of the Mormons expelled from Missouri began to cross the Mississippi River in a poor and apparently distressed condition.

During the course of this winter I found my health very much declining, and was advised by Dr. Wm. F. Barrett, who is now president of the Medical College of Missouri, to suspend all manner of manual labor and take moderate home exercise, and he pre-

scribed for me and prepared the medicine for me to take. The principal ingredient was blue mass.

I had already entered my sons and two nephews as pupils at the McDonough College, located in Macomb, and concluded to rent my farm, teams and other stock, and move into the village and board my sons instead of hiring their board. I had three hundred acres of tillable land, between five and eight thousand bushels of grain that I had no market for, a large quantity of bacon and lard, about two hundred and fifty head of hogs, and about one hundred head of cattle, together with sheep and poultry, and fourteen well selected horses, well suited for the saddle or harness; also three yearling colts.

The incumbrance of this amount of personal property was greatly in the way of my resolution to move into the village. I was not long in determining what to do. With the abundance about me, I immediately resolved to seek out some poor Mormon families and establish them as farmers on my homestead, as I was well supplied with house-room. My dwelling had eight rooms besides the cellar, and I had another good house that would accommodate two small families.

Some time in the month of March I went down to Quincy, Illinois, to put my plan into effect. I saw many families that had come out of Missouri, all more or less destitute. But I had a friend in Quincy, the Honorable Archibald Williams, whose advice I wished to obtain in regard to suitable persons to take charge of my farm and property. Upon arrival in Quincy, I waited on my friend Williams, who informed me that he had, in one of his houses, the families of Joseph Smithson, Samuel H. Smith, Don Carlos Smith, Jenkins Salisbury, and a Brother Henry Hait. He said they were all destitute, and he thought gentlemen, and would suit my purpose, and that he had warm prejudices in favor of them and Mormons in general.

I waited on the venerable Patriarch, and those under his roof. He received me with great cordiality; and, after I had disclosed my business, he frankly said that his sons would take charge of my farm and effects, and praised God that I had been sent in answer to his prayers.

He called the whole household together in council, whereupon it was decided that Samuel and Don Carlos would accompany me home, to see the premises and consummate the bargain. But, the distance being sixty miles, and they being afoot, it was concluded that I should start home that afternoon and get home the next day, and that they would try to be at my house the night following.

The old Patriarch, during our interview, gave me a rather detailed account of the persecution through which the Saints had passed since the organization of the Church in April, 1830, up to the ex-

pulsion of the Saints from Missouri, and their unparalleled sufferings, with the circumstance of his son, the Prophet and Seer, remaining in prison in the hands of his enemies. But his confidence in God was unshaken that He would deliver him from his enemies, and restore him to the bosom of the Church. The manner and language used in narrating the above, and his allusion to the ignorance of mankind in regard to God and Godliness, and the period which had arrived at hand for the ushering in (according to the words spoken by the Holy Prophets) of the dispensation of the fullness of times, and the coming forth of the book of Mormon, pursuant to the accomplishing of God's work for the Salvation of mankind: bringing them a glorious period, when all should know Him from the least to the greatest,—all this was really most thrilling, and made an impression on my mind which cannot be forgotten; indeed, I was almost persuaded to be a Mormon.

I arrived at home, and the Brothers Smith came as was agreed upon, and in a few days they took possession of my farm and stock, which was ample for the comfort of many families. I told the brothers Smith, Hait and Salisbury to inform all the destitute Mormons that they were to come and get provisions to subsist upon; as eight thousand bushels of grain would feed many persons if used for bread-stuffs alone, and it could be had without money or price.

The stock of grain, etc., on hand, and that produced on the farm this year, were all used for the benefit of the Saints in the course of this year.

Notwithstanding the influence of the course of medicine I was under, my health was still rapidly declining.

All seemed to move on smoothly with me and my tenants, but there was an occasional freak of persecution against me for introducing Mormons into the neighborhood. In the meantime, I had read the book of Mormon, and was somewhat perplexed (as I was really a believer in the work, although I had not as yet heard a sermon) at the frequent occurrence of the words, "Had not ought," and such like provincialisms. However, I became reconciled in regard to these errors as I was daily growing in faith.

About this time we heard that the Prophet, Joseph Smith, had escaped from prison, and had arrived in Illinois, and was making an effort to reach the village of Commerce, at the head of the Lower Rapids of the Mississippi River. I had great anxiety to see him, and Don Carlos informed me that, as soon as the contemplated purchase had been made, and the place fixed for the gathering of the Saints, Joseph would be at my place to pay them a visit. I thereupon put my patience into requisition to await the appointed time.

As I was in the habit of riding out every fair day, on a bland, bright morning I prevailed on my wife to indulge in the luxury of a ride on horseback to visit our tenants of the farm. On our return

home, as we were leisurely riding along, I perceived a carriage containing a number of persons meeting us, and, as we neared it, the appearance of a large man, sitting in front driving, seemed familiar to me, as if I had always known him, and suddenly the thought burst into my mind that it was none other than the Prophet, Joseph Smith. Indeed my whole frame was in a tremor at the thought, and my heart seemed as if it were coming up into my mouth. Getting in speaking distance, he suddenly reined up his horses, as if making ready to speak. I was much agitated as the words came from his mouth, "Sir, can you tell me the way to the farm of a Mr. Miller, living somewhere in the direction I am going?" Instead of answering him directly, my reply was, "I presume, sir, that you are Joseph Smith, Jr., the Mormon Prophet." "I am, sir," he replied, adding, "I also presume that you are the Mr. Miller whose farm I inquired for." "I am, sir." He then introduced me to his wife and family, and thus a formal (or rather an informal) introduction passed between us and our families.

In our short interview certain things were said in regard to our belief, that on our approach we each thought that the other was an old acquaintance. I solicited him to preach. He excused himself, not feeling able to sermonize. He said that, having just escaped from prison, he felt like a bird escaped from a cage, and was more disposed to reconnoitre the county and visit his people and friends. Upon my urging the matter of his preaching, he suddenly turned to me, saying that he *did* think of several of the Elders preaching for me, but that he was now resolved on doing it himself; that it had been whispered that a Samaritan had passed by and bound up the wounds of his bleeding friends, adding that he would do the best he could in the way of preaching. Accordingly the time and place were fixed upon, and I went to notify the people of the appointment of the Mormon Prophet to preach.

The day arrived and the house and door-yard were filled with people apparently anxious to hear, as I then thought and do yet, more for the purpose of fault finding than as seekers after truth. He took for his text that chapter in the writings of Luke where a certain man journeying from Jerusalem to Jericho fell among thieves, and was ministered to by a Samaritan. He took an extensive latitude while treating this text, and took up a long time, and, notwithstanding that it was a rainy day, those outside the house stood in the rain, sheltered by umbrellas, until the service was over. I had no remaining doubts left in regard to the truth of the Prophet, Joseph Smith, and the doctrine of the Gospel as taught by the Latter Day Saints. An arrangement was then agreed upon that I should circulate notice of an appointment for a two days' meeting, to be held in the Court House, on Saturday and Sunday, some weeks from that time, and Joseph was to send two Elders to preach in this

stronghold of Presbyterianism and Methodism. Some days before the appointed time of preaching in the Court House in the village of Macomb, near the 20th of January, 1839, keeping up the habit of riding out every day for the benefit of my health, I harnessed up my carriage horses and brought out the carriage, proposing to my wife to take our little daughter Mary, who was of the age to be interesting as a little prattler, for a ride to the farm, see our Mormon friends and dine with my sister, who lived adjoining my farm, on a farm I had given her and her husband. This we did. On leaving our brother-in-law's, in the act of handing our little daughter to her mother in the carriage, and putting up the step, I fell as if I had been shot down, with no more use of my body from my hips to the tips of my toes than if I had not such parts. I would, however, persist in going home, and was accordingly bolstered up in the carriage and got home at night, or rather sundown, with much difficulty. Three doctors were called in, and upon consultation they opened the veins in both my arms and took one-half pint of blood every three-quarters of an hour. They pronounced my disease Tic Douloureux, and told me frankly that, if I had any matters to arrange in regard to my estate, I had better be quick about it, as I could not live. On that afternoon, Elder Taylor and Elder Rigdon arrived at my house for the purpose of filling the before mentioned appointment. They questioned me in regard to my faith and told me I need not lie in bed another minute on account of my sickness, and I was instantly healed and had the use of my limbs.

St. James, June 26th, 1855.

Dear Brother:

At the writing of my article, bearing date 22nd inst., my health was so miserably wretched that I apprehended some doubts in my mind whether I should really be able to continue the writing of the series of letters I had at that time intended.

In the fall season of 1839, I got my affairs so arranged that I moved to Commerce, or rather across the Mississippi into Iowa, where I had a tract of land and house to shelter my family. This place of my farm in Iowa was nearly opposite (a little below) the present remains of the City of Nauvoo, then Commerce. Here I established a small woodyard for steamers plying on the Mississippi, and remained here with my family until the first of September, 1840, when I was solicited by the prophet Joseph to move into the City of Nauvoo, which was now growing up like a mushroom (as it were, by magic). A little prior to this time I was called and ordained a High Priest under the hands of Joseph, Hyrum and Bishop Knight.

We bought a steamer about this time of the United States, re-

modeled her, named her Nauvoo, and put her on the trade. A requisition was made by the governor of Mississippi upon Governor Carlin of Illinois for Joseph Smith as a fugitive from justice. Joseph, to keep out of the way of the officers of the law, went two trips on the steamer that was then plying on the upper Mississippi River. I was also on the steamer Nauvoo until the close of navigation, which was earlier than usual, taking place in November, at which time I moved into Nauvoo.

I was requested by Joseph to rouse up some Elders and go into Iowa and the region around about Nauvoo and preach the gospel, this portion of the country having been neglected on account of the Apostles and many of the Elders during the fall previous being sent to England and the Eastern States on missions. This was a great task for me on account of my diffidence and lack of confidence in myself.

I, however, was faithful to my calling and the appointment of my mission, and our labors were blessed. The Legislature had granted us a city charter and other charters also, embracing powers and privileges so broad that our enemies had their jealousy, either real or ideal, aroused to the highest possible degree on account of the great power granted by the Legislature to the Mormons. But my opinion was then, and is yet, that the main ground of fear was the act to organize a military force called the Nauvoo Legion, as, according to the provisions of the act to organize the Militia of Illinois, this dreaded Nauvoo Legion would draw State arms, and, if they should wish to expel the Mormons from Illinois as they had from Ohio and Missouri, these State arms might be somewhat in the way of the undertaking; as our increasing numbers had already excited the fears of the knowing ones in regard to our political as also our numerical strength.

Joseph Smith had already begun to make preparations to build a temple, and had suggested the propriety to me of building a house suitable for a tavern or hotel answering to the growing importance of the city.

Whilst I was out on my mission, on the 19th of January, 1841, Joseph Smith received the revelation appointing me to the office of Bishop, to organize an association to build the Nauvoo House; also the revelation to build a temple. Alpheus Cutler, Reynolds Cahoon and Elias Higby were appointed a building committee to superintend the building of the temple.

In this commandment I was made one of the committee of the Nauvoo House Association, and named by Joseph as its president. In the month of February I was ordained and set apart in the Bishoprick, to which I was called in the revelation; and also to my calling as president of the Nauvoo House Association. I immediately entered on the duties of the stupendous work before me,

and a scene of activity peculiarly complicated and diversified in every feature, involving responsibilities and manifold labors hitherto unknown to me.

Early this spring the English emigrants (late converts of the Apostles and the Elders in the Vineyard) began to come in, in apparent poverty and in considerable numbers. Besides those, they were crowding in from the States, all poor; as the rich did not generally respond to the proclamation of the Prophet to come with their effects, and assist in building the temple and Nauvoo House. The poor had to be cared for, and labor created that they might at least earn part of their subsistence, there not being one in ten persons that could set themselves to work to earn those indispensable things for the comfort of their families.

My brethren of the committee of the Nauvoo House Association, and the committee of the temple, all bore a part in the employment of laborers, and the providing of food for them, but I had a burden aside from theirs that rested heavily upon me, growing out of my Bishoprick. The poor, the blind, the lame, the widows and the fatherless all looked to me for their daily wants; and, but for the fact of some private property I had on hand, they must have starved, for I could not possibly by soliciting gratuitous contributions to bury the dead obtain them, let alone feeding the living. I was here thrown into straits unlooked for; no tithing in store; the rich amongst us pretended to be too poor to barely feed themselves and nurse their speculations, which they were all more or less engaged in, and those that were really poor could not help themselves.

I was now in the midst of a sickly season, filled with anxiety for the suffering, with multiplied labors crowding upon me, and hundreds of mouths to feed. My days were filled with trial and care, and my nights were not spent with the giddy and mirthful, but with sleepless anxiety in waiting on the suffering poor and sick of the city. Perhaps I am saying too much. But I praise the God of Heaven that he gave me shoulders to bear, and patience to endure, the burdens placed upon me.

In a conference of the building committees, Joseph and Hyrum Smith presiding, called at my suggestion, to deliberate on the best plan of operations for procuring lumber for the building of the temple and Nauvoo House, the result of our deliberations was that we should buy a mill in the Pineries of the firm of Cram and Kirtz, situated on Black River, a tributary of the Mississippi, which they were holding for sale at fifteen hundred dollars. Cram and Kirtz were sent for—their residence being twenty miles off. They came. The bargain was made upon the representation of Cram and Kirtz. And Peter Hawes of the Nauvoo House Committee, and Alpheus Cutler of the Temple Committee, were appointed to take immediate possession of the mill, and take a company of laborers, with nine

months' provision and clothing, and enter into the lumbering business for the joint benefit of both buildings, each furnishing an equal proportion of the accruing expense. The outfit was provided for a large company (I do not remember the precise number), and they all forthwith set out on their undertaking.

The remainder of the summer and fall was taken up in providing the means for feeding and paying the wages of the laborers engaged on the temple and Nauvoo House, which was done abundantly for the time being, mainly by the exertions of Lyman Wight and myself, for both houses. The workmen were kept all winter, as we necessarily had to feed them whether we discharged them from the work or not, they having no means of buying the winter's food without our aid.

At the closing in of winter, Joseph advised me to go to Kentucky on a preaching excursion, and sell some property I had, to obtain means for the early spring operations; and Lyman Wight to go to Ohio and the Eastern States, and visit those that would not gather up to Nauvoo, to get what tithing he could, and sell what stock in the Nauvoo House he could, and return early in the spring.

We severally set out, Lyman to the N. E. and I to Kentucky. My labors were prospered. I returned in the ensuing April with a hundred head of cattle, some horses and other effects.

I will now take a retrospective notice of the progress of our operations in the Pinery. Hawes and Cutler returned with a raft of hewed timber at the close of navigation, and twelve of the men. They left a man in charge at the Pineries. They remodeled, or rather almost made anew, the mill, but made little or no lumber, and left the men to get logs ready for the spring sawing.

This summer I was almost overwhelmed by the amount of business crowding upon me, having the burden to bear almost alone.

John C. Bennett, one of the most corrupt of corrupted men, having been severely reprov'd for his corruptions and false teachings, set out to get revenge for being so harshly dealt with. He wrote and published a series of exposures of Mormon corruptions, as he was pleased to call them, and by his falsehoods procured another requisition by the Governor of Missouri, as accessory before the fact, for an attempt to commit murder upon the body of ex-Governor Lilburn W. Boggs. I was delegated to go to Missouri and see Governor Reynolds in person. E. H. Derby went with me, and, for the time being, the blow was warded off, and all was peace again. Soon after this, Joseph wrote two letters of revelation in regard to the baptisms for the dead. In the beginning of the month of October, 1842, we fully ascertained that our lumbering operations ran us in debt \$3000.00, and the amount of lumber was so little that our work was almost brought to a stand.

Many of the Apostles and Elders having returned from England,

Joseph washed and anointed as Kings and Priests to God, and over the House of Israel, the following named persons, as he said he was commanded of God, viz: James Adams (of Springfield), William Law, William Marks, Willard Richards, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Newel K. Whitney, Hyrum Smith, and myself; and conferred on us Patriarchal Priesthood. This took place on the 5th and 6th of May, 1842. All of our lumbering operations having proved nearly abortive, Lyman's labours this summer produced very little for the Nauvoo House, but a large amount for the Temple. I was, at the October conference, called and ordained by Joseph President of the Quorum of High Priests, instead of Don Carlos Smith, deceased.

We had another conference of the committees, whereupon it was determined that I should go to the Pinerias and get Henry W. Miller and family, with two other families, to go up as cooks for the men, and for Lyman Wight to go East and return in the spring, and together with Peter Hawes drive the work at home, whilst I should make an effort in the Pinerias to extricate our establishment from debt, and make the lumber in sufficient quantities to keep the work progressing. It was advised that I should take my wife along with me, as she was very sick of ague and fever, and taking her North was advised, to recover her health. A few days after the conference, I started with my wife, female children and hired girl, to Prairie Du Chien, there having a suit pending against Jacob Spalding, the owner of the mills at the falls of the Black River, fifteen miles above our present establishment; the others were to come forthwith after me, in a boat loaded with our winter supplies, which we intended to have towed up to the mouth of the Black River, and then work it by poling to our lumber mills. I got to Prairie Du Chien and arranged my business with Spalding, so as to secure my claim against him, in getting possession of his mills on my arrival there, and turn him over ours (which was of little or no value) in lieu thereof. Spalding returned to the mills to await my arrival, and remained awaiting the coming of H. W. Miller. It is often the case in the course of human events that, when men are clothed with a little brief authority, they often get far above their principals. Unfortunately this seemed to be the case with H. W. Miller. He loitered away his time at Nauvoo, swelling over his big authority, telling the men that we couldn't do without him, for his knowledge and skill were really indispensable to us. He also told the men that he was sent to keep a kind of oversight of my movements; but he was finally urged out of Nauvoo by the men on the boat, and the architect of the Nauvoo House, after having loitered away two weeks of time at this advanced season of the year; and it was not until three weeks after the time that he appointed to meet me at Prairie Du Chien that this great personage arrived, and not until the steamers had all

stopped running, leaving us ninety miles to tow to Cordell, or pole our boat to the mouth of the Black River, and then over a hundred miles to the mills. I, however, before the boat came, got on a raft and met them coming on by poling, and on the evening, or rather the afternoon, of the 12th of November we got to Prairie Du Chien. I got my family aboard and came on toward our destination. The weather being cold, and the river running with slush ice, with intense labour we made at noon, on the 17th of November, within seven miles of the mouth of the Black River, and stopped at a trading post, the river now being completely filled with snow and ice. Here we secured our boat for the winter and stored our freight.

I will not attempt to give in detail (as in my diary) the toil, cold, the breasting of snow banks (it was two and a half feet deep on the level), treading a road for oxen and sleds to travel on, and the labour of myself and the men in getting the teams down from the mills, and the families moved up; suffice it to say that Bonaparte's retreat from Moscow was a mere nothing in comparison, save that there were no deaths or freezing among us. It was not until the 31st day of December that we got fully established at our mills, at the falls of the Black River, and began our lumbering operations. We were one hundred and twenty miles from our principal supplies of winter provision, our cattle were not half supplied with grain and forage to enable us to prosecute our winter's work to advantage; the men were almost worn out with the miserable toil that we had just passed through. Indeed they performed labours that are almost incredible to relate, and I felt in my heart to praise God that he had given me strength to take the lead, and go before the men in all their toil. Too much cannot be said in praise of those faithful brethren; they really performed wonders.

We were in the midst of a howling wilderness, and the aspect of our affairs to some might seem forbidding, but we were all buoyant with hope of better days, and resolved on accomplishing the work we had undertaken. We, now being organized for a regular train of operations, thought our labor and exposure might in a great degree be past, but it was not so, and, with the best division of labours that we could possibly devise, it was all we could do to keep our families and our cattle from perishing for want of food, from the fact of our winter supplies being far distant, and the depth of snow on the mountains and valleys intervening. We had to draw on sleds, and carry by back loads, the principal supplies for men and animals, beside our lumbering operations. The foregoing were not all the difficulties we had to encounter. Several bands of the Winnebago Indians were scattered up and down the Black River on their winter's hunt, and, as is common, a number of traders and whiskey sellers were also in attendance, in order to buy, or rather cheat the Indians out of, their furs and peltry. Those fiends in

human shape influenced the Indians to come in sufficient numbers (as they supposed) to our mills and make a demand of us for the pine trees we were sawing, for two hundred pounds of pork, with a proportion of flour, or threaten, on our refusal, that they would burn down our mills. The lumber men on the river had a hand in this matter, but they tried to explain themselves clear. When the Indians came to our mills they were drunk (or partly so) and very clamorous. I could not understand their language, so as to know what they wanted, more than I conjectured from their signs; but prevailed in making them understand that I would go with them to a trading post where there was an interpreter, and I would have a talk with them. Accordingly I set off with them unattended, as I did not want to raise any excitement among our men. On our arrival at the post, the Indians told me that we were cutting and sawing up the pinery that was once theirs and of right ought then to be; that their children were perishing with hunger, the snow being so deep that they could not hunt, and the white men had told them that we ought to pay them, or they ought to have our mills. In my speech in reply I told them that I did not fear them or the white men either; that when they got ready to burn our mills they might come on and bring the white men with them; that I had not at any time sold them whiskey to make them drunk, causing them to lie in the snow and freeze to death, as had been the case several times during the present winter; nor had I, at any time, cheated them out of their furs and peltry by giving them trifles in return, thereby depriving them of the means of buying food to feed their starving children; nor had I any hand in buying the Indians' land; nor had I, as a lure, held up the bottle or trifling trinkets as an inducement to them to sell, so that they might receive annuities for the traders to squabble over, which of them should get the first chance to cheat the Indian out of them by smuggling whiskey to them, thereby disqualifying them for getting their living as their forefathers had done; and that the white men had done all this, and more too; that they had driven them from the houses and homes of their fathers, and that I did not sanction any of these wrongs done to the Indians; that I had been, and always expected to be, their friend; that I had fed and warmed them when they came to my house, and had sent food to their hungry children, and, if it was for these things they wanted to burn our mills, they might come on and burn them. While I was speaking the tears rolled down the cheeks of some of their principal men, and they came up to me when I closed my remarks and embraced me, telling me in broken English, "Good captain, brother, good captain!" I bought some flour and pork of the trader and gave it to them, telling them to take it home to their children. I returned to the mills the same day. Nothing further of difficulty occurred with the Indians, lumbermen, or traders in the course of

the winter and spring. Nothing but toil and hardship awaited us at every stage of our undertaking.

We had sent a man down about the first appearance of the melting of the snow and breaking up of the ice to the place where we had left our boat and stored our provisions, to take care of them. On the 6th of April I, with four of the young, able-bodied men, started down to bring up our boat and provisions that we had left last fall (or winter). The ground was beginning to show itself on south exposures. We arrived at our boat on the morning of the third day. The man we had sent to take care of our boat had all safe, but had not been able to free the boat of the ice that had accumulated through the winter. We immediately set about it, and had all clear by night; but it was not until eleven o'clock on the 10th of April that the river was freed from ice so as to be at all practicable to work our boat. We loaded up and started, breaking the gorges of ice, making headway by the most tremendous exertions that men could possibly make. Worn down and exhausted, we encamped for the night fairly up in Black River Lake (a widening out of the river above its mouth). In like manner we prosecuted our daily task until the afternoon of the 19th day of April, when we arrived at our mills, worn out with the violent exertions we had made on our voyage. We however, did not slacken our hands until, with the assistance of the men at the mills, we unloaded the boat and put our flour, pork, etc., into the store house. I took, this spring, two rafts of lumber to Nauvoo and obtained supplies to feed and clothe the men engaged in lumbering. I conceived it necessary to buy three or four yoke of oxen, as we had lost three head from the severity of the winter, and, our mill daily turning out over twelve thousand feet of lumber, it necessarily took much team work.

About the first of June I came up on a steamer to Galena, that being a better place to buy oxen than Nauvoo, and because it would (I thought) save transportation that part of the way. I bought the oxen required, but could not get any boat to take them up under two weeks. I, upon this information, yoked up and chained my cattle together, lashed my trunk to the middle yoke, and forthwith set out for Prairie Du Chien about four o'clock P. M., a distance of 75 miles, where I arrived on the afternoon of the third day. I had yet a distance of 150 miles to go on a right line and on the traveled road 200. I was at a loss to determine on the route I should travel—whether to aim at a straight line never trod by the white man's foot or take the road frequented by those who had occasion to travel in this region. I, however, was but a few minutes in determining. I provided a supply of provisions and started forthwith to reach the mills by the straight line through the woods, and went out four miles to the last house on my way, where I stayed all night.

I set out early, and, without entering into detail in giving the incidents attendant on this lonesome journey—no company but my three yoke of oxen—by perseverance arrived at the mills at noon on the sixth day from Prairie Du Chien, to the surprise and apparent joy of all my friends present. To see a man all tattered and torn, though not forlorn, emerging from the woods, driving three yoke of oxen—the brethren would scarcely accredit me when I told them the route I came up, and all alone. Some would say, "Were you not afraid the wild bears would eat you, having no gun to defend yourself?" I told them that I had a knife that answered just as well.

In my next I will conclude my operations in lumbering in the Mississippi Pineries. As ever, most truly and sincerely,

GEORGE MILLER.

St. James, June 27, 1855.

Dear Brother: In my epistle of yesterday, I closed with an indefinite relation of a trip on foot, and of driving three yoke of oxen from Galena, Illinois, to the falls of the Black River in Wisconsin, June, 1843.

I got clear of a great clog in my business operations in the month of May, I believe, viz: Henry W. Miller, who carried with him all of his consequential dignity back to the vicinity of Nauvoo.

I received an additional supply of hands this summer, and we made lumber rapidly, paying our expenditures, beside liquidating part of the indebtedness that had accrued before I came up to this country. We sent to Nauvoo a large amount of hewed timber, and two hundred thousand feet of sawed timber, suitable for the Temple and Nauvoo House, together with a large amount of shingles, and a raft of barn boards.

[Gap—half a leaf torn out in manuscript.]

But when I took down the last rafts in the fall season, upon my arrival at Nauvoo I found that a great deal of the lumber that we had (during the two last seasons of toil and sacrifice) made for the Temple and Nauvoo House had, to my great mortification, been used for other purposes than those intended. The Temple Committee said that the workmen must needs have houses, and they had to pay their men; but the truth of the case was that the committee had become housebuilders, that they were not alone content to have fresh eggs to set themselves, but they wanted eggs to set all their numerous brood of chickens, and that it was really convenient to use the material provided for the Nauvoo House (as its operations were temporarily suspended)—as in like manner the Temple materials also—as we had in common such productive mills

in the pinery. I remonstrated at this course of procedure, but Joseph told me to be content and promised that he would see by and by that all should be made right, saying that it was most likely his persecutors would let him alone since his final discharge by Judge Pope, and that he would in future have more leisure.

I gathered up a large supply of provisions to make up the deficit that might be, to feed the hundred and fifty we then had in the pineries, and shipped it on the steamer Governor Brooks, then on her last trip to Saint Peters. The water was very low this fall, and the boat lay so long from time to time on sand bars, that, when she got to Prairie Du Chien, the master concluded to go no further up, as the water was low and the season far advanced, and, abating something on the price of my freight, put it off and turned back.

I stored my supplies with Mr. Dousman, the principal of the few company's houses at that place. This was now the early part of November. On the next day, in the morning, we made up a company that was going up to the pineries, who agreed to go with me through the near way, the route I had taken with the oxen a year ago last summer. The company consisted of eight persons; one gave out the first day and turned back. I found no walkers amongst them; none of them, perhaps, had ever been without food for an entire day. Two of the men, however, were brethren, viz: Pierce Hawley, of the Black River Company, and Moses Smith, of Nauvoo, who was going up to make shingles. The other five were all Gentiles. I took what provisions I thought sufficient to last me through, and requested the others to do likewise. They asked me how long I was going through with the oxen. I told them six days. They said they could go up in a little over half that time. I told them that it was then summer and they would find out that when I walked I did not stand still, and they had better take six days' provisions, as it was then snowing, and we might have a deep snow before we got up to the mills. They said there were three guns in the company, and they could kill what they could eat. We traveled hard all day, the snow falling rapidly, very wet and heavy. Four of us came about thirty miles and camped before night to await the coming up of the other three. They did not, however, get up to camp as we had expected; the snow was nearly a foot deep. Hawley, Grover and a man, I have forgotten his name, and myself came thus far, and the other three came up about ten o'clock A. M. of the next day, footsore and tired. They declared that we must have walked fifty miles. After resting a short time, we started and came on about two miles farther than I had made the first day with my oxen from the house four miles this side of Prairie Du Chien, where we camped for the night. We had frequent snow-showers this day. Some of the men said we must be pretty near half way to Black River. At these remarks I began to apprehend trouble,

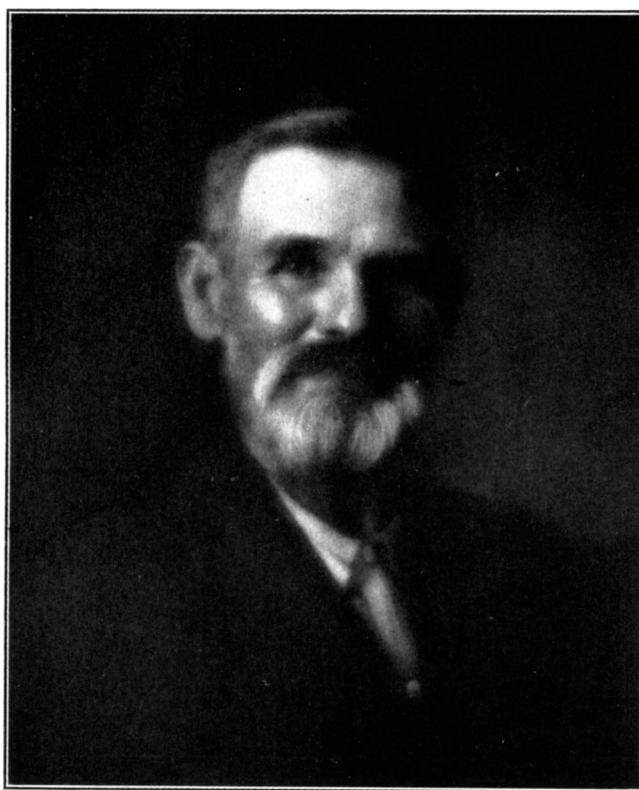
and told them they had better turn back; that the distance we had come was only what I had made in a day-and-a-piece travel. At this three or more replied that they believed I was lost, and did not know where I was going. I replied pretty sharply, at which they begged my pardon and said they were all joking, and hoped I would take no offense.

This day we made a late start on account of the men being footsore; we came on our way about twelve miles, some of the men being so tired that they said they could go no further; we therefore took up camp for the night. This night finished up all our provisions. The morning of the fourth day we set off early, our gunmen to hunting, the other four following me; we camped early that our hunters might have time to get up; they came, but had no meat. All, or most of them, were quite snappish and fretful.

On the morning of the fifth day we set out on our journey very early; our hunters set out to bring into camp a good supply of meat, and the others went on with me to make a trail, and take up camp as on the day before; but night again brought all up without food. It was indeed laughable to hear the occasional complaints, followed by a period of silence, and see the bitter faces of all hands. This kind of starvation being nothing new to me, I did not mind it. On the morning of the sixth day we all set out together, traveled hard all day and took up camp for the night, having made the best progress that we had any day since we left Prairie Du Chien. We decided this night to slay a dog that had followed us from Prairie Du Chien, and make a supper of him. We halved him and roasted him before the fire. I tasted the dog, it is true, but my prejudices were such that I could not eat it—not so now. One old man, whose name I did not hear, as we all called him "Old Gentleman," could not be prevailed upon to taste the dog. All hands seemed to be cheerful and happy whilst feasting on the dog, and by morning light he was wholly demolished.

We set off, this morning of the seventh, intending to make near our mills, as we were in plain view of a mountain that was situated three miles southeast of our place, which I pointed out to the men from an eminence soon after our starting. The snow was quite soft this morning, and we moved on finely a few miles, and came to where three bear-tracks crossed at right angles the route we were going. It was soon agreed upon that I and one of the men, a Gentile, were to pursue the bear, and the other five were to go on towards the mills, and leave us to come up after night. I pointed out the mountain for them to steer for, and put out in chase after the bear. We several times got near him, but could not get a shot on account of the thick underbrush. We abandoned the chase about three o'clock P. M. and made our way for the mills. After going about ten miles we encountered an Indian, who was going in chase

of the bear we had left; he was on horseback. I enquired of him if he had seen anything of our men. He said he had. I told him that I had pointed out the mountain southeast of the mills that they were to steer for. He said that they were lost; that they did not see him; that, at a certain hill he pointed out to us, our men had turned off to another mountain twenty miles below that looked just like that at our mills. My hunter companion wanted to go on toward the mills, and leave the d—d fools, as he pleased to call them, to go to hell, for he was so tired that he was not going to trail after them. I told him then that he could go towards the mills, and I would follow the lost men. No, he'd be d—d if he would do that, for he did not believe that I was right about the mills. I told him to go to the Indian and get him to take him to the mills; that he was frequently there, and was an acquaintance of mine. By the end of this disputation we came upon the men's trail who had turned down to the other mountain, and he followed with me on the trail of the men. We did not go far until dark overtook us, and in some places we had difficulty in keeping their tracks or trail. About nine o'clock at night my hunter companion told me not to walk so fast; that he could not stand it. I slackened my pace and all went on well for a while. He again called to me, saying he'd be God d—d if he didn't shoot me if I continued to walk so fast. I turned to him and clubbed my gun, and placed myself in a position to strike, telling him that I was almost minded to make a finish of him. He humbly begged my pardon and said he would be more patient in the future, and asked me to have pity on him, for he was almost perished with fatigue and hunger. I told him to take courage; that I would take care of him, and that we were near a camp, for I smelled pine burning. After a half hour's walk we came to a place where the fire was yet burning; here we called aloud and were answered nearby. We proceeded and soon came to an Indian lodge, where we found all our company eating venison. When I got into the lodge, the old Indian told me that the men had come out of the way; that they could have gone to the falls as soon as to his lodge, and that he would send two of his boys in the morning to Mr. Nichols' mill with us to show us a near way through the mountain pass; he said it was about twelve miles, and in five days he would come up to the falls to get his gun-lock mended, and asked me to be certain to have my smith at home; he also told me that he had killed a very fat buck that day, and he was having some choice parts boiled for me; and, as I had eaten nothing for four days, that I must fill my belly first by drinking broth before I partook of the meat. He said that the men that came with me, and those that came before, were fools; that they all run headlong to eating venison as the Indian dogs did to eating blood and guts when he killed and butchered a deer. He lighted his pipe and smoked, and then



George Miller, the younger

handed it to me. The men all had a hearty laugh at the Indian's remark about their eating like dogs. It was, however, not long until the broth was served up, and I filled (my belly!) accordingly, and, after another round of smoking, a large wooden bowl of choice, fat venison was served up, and I was told to eat occasionally through the night, for at daybreak his boys would start. He laid down a skin for me to sleep on. All by this time were snoring finely but the old Indian and myself.

At daybreak the ensuing morning we started, got to Nichols' and got a good dinner cooked for all hands, Indians and all. Nichols remonstrated at eating with the Indians, as it would make them too saucy. I told him that if these Indians did not sit at his table I would not. He told me in return that he was owing me flour, pork, etc., and I should be eating my own provisions, as his had not yet arrived. After eating I gave the Indians some pork and flour; none of my companions would agree to go any further, except Hawley. Whilst I was preparing to set out for home, our boat came down, going to meet me, supposing I was waiting for them at the mouth of the Black River. I told them it was at Prairie Du Chien that our stuff was stored. They accordingly set off, intending to travel all night, and I started for the mills, distant fifteen miles, in company with Pierce Hawley. We arrived at home in the early part of the night, to the joy of all the brethren. Hawley was so used up that he worked very little more all winter. In ten days our boat returned with our load of supplies. I had, however, in the interim, finished my house and shoe-shop, and was ready at the coming of the supplies to have the shoeing of the men go on, as they were much in want.

All branches of business in our line went on with astonishing dispatch, and a great amount of lumber was made.

The Indian agent for this region had forbidden the cutting of timber above the falls of Black River. All the good pine being above, you may readily conceive the clamour raised amongst all the lumbermen of the country. About this time we received a visit from the Indian chief, Oshkosh, and his interpreter; his band was camped twelve miles up the river. We made a feast for him, and, after eating, explained the principles of our religion to him. His interpreter, being an educated Indian, said he was disposed in his mind to join us, but that many of their people were Roman Catholics, and it would take a long time to change their religion. The chief said he believed we were right, for many things we had told him were backed up by Indian tradition; but for him, the principal chief, to act on his belief would avail nothing; that at some future period it would be best to call a council of all his chiefs—he could not then, as they were on their winter hunt—and deliberately consider the whole matter, and act upon it in national council, and in that case

their change of religion would be national and permanent, and that he had no doubt as to bringing it about. In regard to our cutting timber, he said that it was all his, and that the agent and the United States had no business to interfere in the matter; that he had come to attend to his timber himself, and that, if he could not stop the cutting of saw logs, he would then call on the government, through their agent, to put a stop to it. He told us that we should have the exclusive privilege of cutting timber, and all he would ask of us was to feed his people in their passing by. But, however, he would advise my going over to the Wisconsin River with him, and he would procure me a written permit from the agent in order to silence other lumbermen. I took with me Cyrus Daniels, one of our brethren, and forthwith started with him for the Wisconsin River, a distance of sixty miles.

We walked on snow shoes, as the snow was then three feet deep. On our arrival at the agency, the agent refused giving the permit; whereupon very sharp words ensued between the chief and agent; finally he (the agent) said we might make our own bargain. The chief told him he had not asked what he might do. The agent said he dare not give a permit; the United States would not allow it; but we might proceed according to the arrangements with the chief, and he would not interfere in the matter.

The agent privately proposed a partnership in our establishment. I told him I could not do it without consulting my friends; he then said he would let the matter rest until the next fall; he would come over to our place, and we would take the matter into further consideration. On parting with my Indian friends, I received the warmest assurances of their lasting friendship, and it was not until I would agree to go with them to their lodges and relate to them in detail the persecutions of our people by the States of Ohio and Missouri that they would consent for me to leave them; upon hearing which the Indians shed tears (not common for an Indian), saying we had been treated almost as badly as the Indians. On my return home, Brother Daniels got badly frost bitten. On my arrival at home I found things progressing as usual. About this time a band of northern Chippewa Indians were on a hunt above us on the river; their chief came down on a trading expedition to a trader's shanty below us. They sold him whiskey and made him partly or nearly drunk, and, some dispute taking place between him and the trader, he (the trader) took a large bar and beat the chief and left him lying in the snow for dead. The residue of his company fled precipitately, and, coming to our place, told us what had taken place. I took some of our men with me and went to the trader's, and told him that if any more whiskey was sold to Indians I would demolish his shanty and its contents, and, if the chief died, I would make it a bad job for him. We took the chief into our houses and bound

up his wounds, and toward the latter part of the night of this day he left our place for his lodge. In about two weeks he came to our place with part of his band and an interpreter. He had the United States flag carried by one of his braves, saying to us in his speech that the snow was so deep that they could not hunt, and that their children were starving, and, on producing a purse of money, said that whenever that flag —pointing to it—was produced to the white man, as he was told when he received it, it would be an order to him for provisions. We said in reply that the United States was no friend of ours; that they had robbed us and permitted us to be plundered by the white man, and further, that if we let them have food it would not be for the love we had for the United States, but for that we had toward the abused and oppressed Indians; that he was to put up his money; that we would give him some flour and an ox to take to his camp and feed their children. They received the flour and ox and started, blessing us by returning many thanks and assuring us of their lasting friendship, stating that we were not like other white men.

Towards the opening of spring, having made an abundance of lumber for the Nauvoo House and temple, we held a council in regard to future operations. The result of our deliberations was that a memorial should be sent to Joseph and the authorities in Nauvoo, expressive of our views, and I was delegated to be the bearer. A few days later I set out on the ice for Prairie Du Chien, at which place I took the stage coach for Galena, and, upon my arrival at Nauvoo, presented the document to Joseph Smith and Hyrum Smith, whom I found together in consultation. After a hasty perusal, Joseph said to me, "Brother Miller, I perceive that the spirit of God is in the pineries as well as here, and we will call together some of our wise men, and proceed to set up the Kingdom of God by organizing some of its officers." And from day to day he called some of the brethren about him, organizing them as princes in the Kingdom of God, until up to the number of fifty-three were thus called. In this council it was agreed upon that we should run Joseph Smith for president of the United States, which we would certainly do, and also Sidney Rigdon for vice-president, and, in case they were elected, we would at once establish dominion in the United States, and, in view of a failure, we would send a minister to the then Republic of Texas to make a treaty with the cabinet of Texas for all that country north of a west line from the falls of the Colorado River to the Nueces, thence down the same to the Gulf of Mexico, and along the same to the Rio Grande, and up the same to the United States territory, and get them to acknowledge us as a nation; and, on the part of the church, we would help them defend themselves against Mexico, standing as a go-between the belligerent powers, and, if successful in this matter, we would have dominion

in spite of the United States, and we would send the Black River Lumber Company to take possession of the newly acquired territory. Lucian Woodworth was chosen minister to Texas, and I was to return to the pineries to bring down Lyman Wight, and leave matters there in such shape that the work could go on without my presence, and be here by the time Woodworth might return from Texas. We severally started the same day, Woodworth for Texas and I for the pineries.

Most truly as ever,

GEORGE MILLER.

Saint James, June 28, 1855.

Dear Brother: In my last I expected to have finished my narrative up to the time of Joseph's death, but the limits I had prescribed myself for writing would not permit.

Upon my arrival at the pineries, we set about arranging our lumbering operations so as to leave a man in charge to carry on the work, while Wight and myself should go to Nauvoo, as before agreed upon by the council (of fifty princes of the Kingdom).

Some time toward the last of April, 1844, we, Lyman Wight and myself and families, arrived in Nauvoo. Soon after this Woodworth returned from Texas. The council convened to hear his report. It was altogether as we could wish it. On the part of the church there were commissioners appointed to meet the Texan Congress to sanction or ratify the said treaty, partly entered into by our minister and the Texan cabinet. A Mr. Brown, Lucian Woodworth and myself were the commissioners appointed to meet the Texas Congress, and, upon the consummation of the treaty, Wight and myself were to locate the Black River Lumber Company on the newly acquired territory, and do such other things as might be necessary in the premises, and report to the Council of the Kingdom. It was further determined in council that all the elders should set out on missions to all the States to get up an electoral ticket, and do everything in our power to have Joseph elected president. If we succeeded in making a majority of the voters converts to our faith, and elected Joseph president, in such an event the dominion of the kingdom would be forever established in the United States; and if not successful, we could fall back on Texas, and be a kingdom notwithstanding.

It was thought and urged by the council that so great an undertaking would require, in order to insure success, the entire and united effort of all the official members of the church. Accordingly, on the sixth day of May I started to Kentucky, and Lyman went off to the eastern States; and at no period since the organization of

the church had there been half so many elders in the vineyard in proportion to the number of members in the church.

I preached and electioneered alternately. When I had preaching meetings, as a general thing we had crowded houses, and our prospects bid fair for the accomplishment of a great work in each point of view, and of reaping an abundant harvest as fruits of our ministerial labors. All Kentucky was in high state of political excitement, as it was just before their general election, which was to come off on the first Monday in August—having barbecues in the different neighborhoods of that densely populated country for the express purpose of giving the candidates an opportunity of addressing the citizens. These were the latter end of the days of political folly, such as having log cabin exhibitions and live raccoons at the top of long poles (set up for that purpose), etc. At one of these meetings, whilst one of the candidates was speaking, I was rather on the outskirts of the immense crowd, reading to a few of my old acquaintances Joseph Smith's views of the powers and policy of government. One of my old neighbors, and a relative by marriage, brought up a Missourian with him, and addressing me, said: "Here is a man that knows all about the enormities committed by the Mormons in Missouri." Without a moment's pause I answered, "Yes, I have no doubt of it, and I believe I recognize in him one of those murderers who shot a little Mormon boy in the blacksmith's shop, under the bellows." Upon which the fellow slunk off, and I saw no more of him. Not so, however, with my old neighbor and relative. "Now," said he, "I have a matter to tell you as a friend, and that is, that if you do not leave this country and put a stop to preaching your religious views and political Mormonism, the negroes are employed to hang you to an apple tree." I told him that I had had enough of his hollow friendship, and, if I could believe there was courage enough amongst such intolerant scamps, I would hire a house and hold forth three months to give them an opportunity of carrying out their threat. By this time quite a crowd had collected around us, even more, apparently, than around the candidate that was then on the stand. I got on a large stump and commenced reading aloud Joseph's views on the powers and policy of government, and backed it up with a short speech, at the end of which I was loudly and repeatedly cheered, and a crowd bore me off about two miles to a Mr. Smith's tavern, where they had a late dinner prepared for my benefit, all declaring that I should not partake of the barbecue prepared for the candidates who were addressing the log cabin meeting; that I was worthy of better respect. After dinner I rode to the place where I was then making my home, several gentlemen accompanying me. In ten or twelve days after this I went about twenty-five miles into Mercer County, Kentucky, to fulfil some engagements, where I preached to large congregations,

so that we resorted to groves for the convenience of room. About this time we saw notices in the newspapers that there was civil war in Nauvoo, and on the morning of the 28th of June, 1844, I had a dream, or vision, in an upper room in the house of a Mr. Saunders, where I then lodged with Brother Thomas Edwards. It took place after sunrise. I was lying on my bed, and suddenly Joseph Smith appeared to me, saying, "God bless you, Brother Miller. The mob broke in upon us in Carthage jail and killed Brother Hyrum and myself. I was delivered up by the brethren as a lamb for the slaughter. You ought not to have left me; if you had stayed with me, I should not have been given up." I answered, "But you sent me." "I know I did, but you ought not to have gone"; and then approaching me he said, "God bless you for ever and ever," making as though he was about to embrace me, and, as I was in the act of extending my arms to return the embrace, the vision fled, and I found myself standing on the floor in the midst of the room. Brother Edwards, roused from his slumbers, was calling to me, "What is the matter, Brother Miller; whom are you talking to?" I requested him to rise and dress himself, so that we might take a morning walk, as was our custom.

Whilst on our walk I related to Brother Edwards my vision, and told him my mission was fulfilled, for my firm belief was that Joseph was dead. Brother Edwards told me that I had preached too much, and that my mind was somewhat deranged, and that I must not think of going home until our present appointments were fulfilled—the last a week hence—and as to the rumors of trouble at Nauvoo, he did not believe a word of them. I told him that if I stayed he would have to do the preaching.

On the day that we fulfilled our last appointment, we started home. On passing a tavern, the landlord walked out on his porch, and addressing us said, "Are you the gentlemen that preached at the schoolhouse today?" We answered "Yes." "Walk in, gentlemen," he said, "and refresh yourselves." Handing us some ice water, and at the same time handing us a Nauvoo paper, he said, "You will find an article that may be of interest to you." We read an extract from the Warsaw Signal, giving an account of Joseph and Hyrum Smith's deaths. After reading we started on. Brother Edwards, being an excitable man, was wholly unmanned, and insisted on an immediate separation, as traveling together might endanger our lives. He broke off from me as one distracted, and I did not see any more of him until I saw him in Nauvoo four weeks afterwards.

On my arrival in Nauvoo I visited Elder John Taylor of the quorum of apostles, who was sick of his wounds received in Carthage jail at the time of Joseph's death. Dr. Willard Richards was there, and, after a few remarks in regard to the mob, I asked Dr.

Richards whom Joseph had left to succeed him in the prophetic office. He replied that all was right; that there were sealed documents left which would be opened when the twelve apostles should get home that would settle all these matters. Sidney Rigdon had already returned from Pittsburg, where he was sent before Joseph's death, and had made some moves as a leader of the people, and, from hints and innuendoes that I heard frequently, I was induced to believe that Joseph had designated his son Joseph to succeed him in the prophetic office; and on this belief I rested.

On the return of the twelve a public meeting was called. The apostles and Sidney Rigdon were on the stand; Brigham Young acting as principal speaker. Sidney urged his pretensions as a kind of guardian or temporary leader. Young made a loud and long harangue, and as I had always taken him to be a blunderbuss in speaking,—and, on this occasion, to me apparently more so—for the life of me I could not see any point in the course of his remarks other than a wish to overturn Sidney Rigdon's pretensions. As this meeting was a pretty general conference of the elders, the twelve assumed a temporary leadership, which was pretty generally conceded to them, as they were the quorum next in authority to the prophet and presidency of the whole church. N. K. Whitney and myself were put in nomination as trustees in trust for the Church, instead of Joseph Smith, deceased, and were voted in by acclamation and acknowledged as such by all present.

There was a good deal of speaking from the stand. The principal speaker, however, was Brigham Young. I must confess that all the proceedings at this time were anarchy and boisterous confusion, as it appeared to me, and I felt, indeed, as one who had lost a friend.

I had no one in whom I could implicitly confide in all things, as he to whom I sought in all times of trouble for counsel and advice was now no more. Oh, who can appreciate my feelings? Let me be excused from saying more on this painful subject.

Subsequent to these times of intense excitement I had frequent attempts at conversation with Brigham Young and H. C. Kimball in regard to Joseph leaving one to succeed him in the prophetic office, and in all my attempts to ascertain the desired truth as to that personage I was invariably met with the innuendo, "Stop, or hush, Brother Miller; let there be nothing said in regard to this matter, or we shall have little Joseph killed as his father was; implying indirectly that Joseph Smith had appointed his son Joseph to succeed him in the prophetic office. And I believe that this impression was not alone left on my mind, but on the brethren's in general, and remains with many until this day.

Lyman Wight became disaffected towards his brethren of the twelve. The man left in charge of the mill in the pinery sold out

possession of the whole concern (the mills being on Indian land, possession was the best title) for a few thousand feet of pine lumber. Those mills and appurtenances, worth at least \$20,000, thus passed out of our hands for a mere trifle by the act of one indiscreet man.

He brought part of the lumber to Nauvoo and all the company that had been engaged in the pineries. Lyman, ever fond of authority, placed himself at the head of this company, and as it had been announced by the twelve from the stand that Joseph had laid out a work that would take twenty years to accomplish, Lyman averred that he would commence his work then, and solicited me to take my place and go with him to locate the Black River Company. I told Lyman there was a way to do all things right, and we would get Woodworth and Brown, and get the authorities together, and clothe ourselves with the necessary papers, and proceed to meet the Texas Congress as before Joseph's death agreed upon. Woodworth and myself waited on Brigham, requesting him to convene the authorities so that the proper papers might be made out, and so we could be able to complete the unfinished negotiations of the treaty for the territory mentioned in my former letter. To my utter astonishment Brigham wholly refused to have anything to do in the matter, saying that he had no faith in it, and would do nothing to raise means for an outfit or expenses. Thus all hopes were cut off of establishing a dominion of the kingdom at a time when there seemed to be a crisis, and I verily believed that all that we had concocted in council might so easily be accomplished. I was really cast down and dejected.

Lyman had a conference with Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball, and they advised him to go up the river to Prairie La Crosse, as I afterwards heard, and he did so.

About this time James Emmit raised a company, as he had received a mission to go among the Indians, by the appointment of Joseph and sanction of the council, and he also set off. I thought frequently to myself, "Oh! Lord, when will misrule cease?" Sorrow and gloom were not infrequent attendants on my midnight hours.

The work on the temple was vigorously prosecuted and that of the Nauvoo House resumed. Much music and banqueting were indulged in, and other pleasure parties. This matter went on through the fall and winter—except for a little display of mobocracy. It was published at the beginning of September, in the counties round about, that a general wolf hunt would come off a month or two hence, to be limited to Hancock County. It was understood by Mormons and others that it was really to make an attack on the Mormons. Governor Thomas Ford being an old acquaintance of mine, I wrote to him touching the matter, and he in reply assured me that he would be in Hancock with a battalion of soldiers and

break up the wolf hunt. Accordingly he came, General John J. Harding in command (afterwards killed in the Mexican war). On the day of their arrival in Nauvoo the legion had their fall training and passed in review before the governor. He had over four hundred men and two cannon, and requested me to show his quartermaster a suitable camping ground below the city, and also procure him two scows to transport his cannon and artillerists to Warsaw, as he intended to surprise that hotbed of mobocracy by land and water before daylight. I showed them their quarters two miles below the city, and then set out to procure the scows. I got some men to take the two scows down, and I rode down to announce to General Harding the safe delivery of the scows there, after dark. On getting to the lines of their camp, or within ten paces, I was met by a sentinel, who enquired my business. (I had been so busy that I had not taken off my uniform.) I told the sentinel that I wanted an interview with the officer of the night. He was immediately called for and came. I told him to inform Governor Ford and General Harding that I had brought the boats to transport their cannon, and I wanted a conference with them. The officer bowed and said, "Who shall I say requires their presence?" I told him "Miller." In reply he said, "Shall I say General Miller of the—taking off his cap—first cohort of the Nauvoo Legion?" I replied, "If you please," and he forthwith went on his errand. All this time the battalion was drawn up, forming a hollow square. The officer of the guard soon returned, presenting the respects of Governor Ford and General Harding, and said that they would wait on me in a few minutes; that they were just in the act of exercising their command a little in firing a few rounds to see how they would carry themselves in case they might come in contact with the mob. Woodworth had brought me down in a buggy, and I alighted and took my station in the line of the sentinel's beat as he walked backward and forward. Immediately the firing commenced. I heard the command given, "Elevate your guns," but it seemed to me that a constant blaze of fire along the greater extent of the line was directed right at me, and, as the sentinel got near the place where I stood, a shot struck him and he fell, crying aloud, "I am dead." I took him up and carried him within the lines and called for a surgeon. Whilst he was coming I examined the wound, finding the ball had passed in on the right hip bone and, ranging back, had passed out through the spine. The surgeon came, and I assisted in carrying the wounded man to the hospital tent. (The man died.) I inquired for Ford and Harding and was answered that they could not tell where they were; everything seemed to indicate alarm and confusion. I said aloud that I believed that the whole movement was intended to kill me, so as to have it said that it was done by accident, and that I was almost determined in my mind to bring down my cohort and

wipe the whole tribe of dogs out of existence. No commissioned officer could be found, and after uttering a few formal blessings on the unmanly, cowardly dogs, I got in my buggy, and Woodworth and myself returned to the city. The whole force of the renowned Governor Ford soon decamped, bearing with them the trophies of their late victory.

We had no mob movements the rest of the year; all other things were about as they had been. From the month of January, 1845, till June we had very little disturbance from our foes, but they were quite vociferous in threats. Colonel Deming, who had espoused the cause of the Mormons, being the acting sheriff of Hancock County, got into an encounter with Dr. Marshall, clerk of the county commissioners' court, who was a violent anti-Mormon. Marshall made the assault, and Deming drew his revolver and shot Marshall dead on the spot. Deming was held to bail, but before the trial came off he died of fever, and Jacob B. Backenstos was elected in his stead; he was also favorable to the Mormons. The excitement now became very great, all taking sides. Those that were opposed to Mormons were called Anti-Mormons and those friendly were called Jack-Mormons. In the latter part of the summer a mob of three hundred embodied; they encamped near Warsaw, at a place called Green Plains, and began their forays on the Mormons by burning houses, barns, stacks, and committing other deeds of violence. They continued their marauding, occasionally killing, until more than two hundred houses were burned, together with most of the small grain.

I went in person to Springfield to see Governor Ford. I rode night and day. Ford told me to stand in our own defense, but not make an offensive war. On my return, Backenstos set about restoring law and order, but was driven before the mob, which chased him about eighteen miles with a view to killing him. Just at the moment of being overtaken by the mob, O. P. Rockwell and J. Redding met him—they were going as a guard to bring a family to Nauvoo that had been burned out—and he called on them, in the name of the people of the state, to defend him against those murderers (the pursuing mob, ten in number, and headed by Francis Worrell, one of Joseph's assassins). Worrell leveled his gun to shoot, and at that instant the sheriff commanded Rockwell to shoot, which he did, and felled Worrell to the ground by passing a ball through his heart, exclaiming that he was good for that crowd (he was armed with a fifteen shooter). They all fled precipitately, and Backenstos came up to Nauvoo to raise a posse-comitatus to assist him in restoring law and order.

But Brigham Young would not agree to let a force go from the city until he should have failed in all the county. About this time I went to Carthage to sell some country orders. I went in a

buggy and had my wife and a female friend of hers with me; whilst trading my country orders for dry goods, an officer stepped to me and arrested me on a charge of treason against the state, telling me in a low voice that there was a mob of forty men, and their design was to commit me to jail and kill me that night, and told me not to betray him. I went into court, leaving my wife and her friend sitting in the buggy. The room was crowded, but room was made for me. Two lawyers were prosecuting, viz: Backman and Hopkins. They demanded of the court a *mittimus* to be made out, and said that, the crime charged not being a bailable offence, I must therefore go to jail. I told the court that my wife was sick, and urged him to send a guard with me until I could take her home, and said that I would forthwith return and await the decision of the court. This, however, was not agreed to, and the *mittimus* was ordered. I arose, opening my coat, saying that I had made the roads and killed the snakes in the country, and must needs be an old citizen; further, that all Carthage could not put me in jail; that they were a set of almost still-born and white-livered dogs, and that, by the God of Moses, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, I was going home and none should hinder. Hereupon, drawing a large knife and revolver, I made for the door, at which they said, "Consider yourself in bonds under a verbal recognizance of five hundred dollars to be made of your own goods and chattels," and ordered me to be there a week from that day.

I went out, they making room for me to pass, and went home. I have frequently thought it a miracle that they let me go. Sheriff Backenstos got no help from any part of the county, as the Jack-Mormons feared they would share the same fate as the Mormons in case they assisted the sheriff in restoring law and order, and he was again forced to flee to Nauvoo for protection, the mob declaring that they would burn his house and destroy his property. Brigham Young had at the time of the sheriff's return a council assembled to consult on some plan of safety. Backenstos came into the council, stating the danger he was in, and said that he must have help from Nauvoo, as he could not get it elsewhere, and he wanted men at that instant to bring his family out of Carthage that night. Brigham Young said that men could not be got in readiness in one hour, as it was not over that until sundown. I replied that they could. He said, "Will you do it?" I told him I would try, and started out of the council room, and by the setting of the sun I was ready with one hundred and four choice men who, I had no doubt, would have attempted the taking the loads out of cannon, even if men were standing with lighted matches to touch them off, if I would command it.

We forthwith set out for Carthage to bring to Nauvoo the sheriff's family, and to stop the burning of houses, which was still

going on from day to day. On our approach to Carthage we were fired upon, but the firers immediately fled before us, AND WE MADE NO STOP until I drew up my command ready for action in front of the sheriff's house.

About this time I discovered lighted torches passing in various directions; I apprehended that they intended to burn their own houses and lay it to the Mormons in order to raise a greater excitement against us if possible. I sent men all over the village, and had every man arrested and brought before me. I told them that I had discovered from their movements that they intended to burn their own houses and charge it on the Mormon posse that was then acting under the direction of the sheriff. I assured them that, if a house was burned then or after I left, I would put the place to the sword without discrimination. While these things were going on without, the sheriff was preparing his family for a move to Nauvoo.

We soon started, taking the road to Warsaw until we came to the road leading from Bear Creek settlement to Nauvoo; here I detailed six men as a guard and conductors to take the sheriff's family to Nauvoo, and Backenstos, the sheriff, in company with us, took the route to Bear Creek settlement, to arrest the house burners, who were reported to be there carrying out the work of destruction. By this time it was near day-break. When we got to Sidney A. Knowlton's (a Mormon), we bought grain for our horses and food for ourselves and called a halt for the men to feed and refresh themselves. While we were eating our breakfast a messenger came to let us know that the work of burning was going on. The sheriff gave orders to prepare for a march, and said that he would go ahead with one division of my command, under the command of Colonel John D. Parker, and that I might bring up the rear. There was no time lost, all hands being eager to avenge the wrongs of their suffering brethren. Colonel Parker's division set out, headed by Backenstos, and I soon followed. I had not proceeded far when Backenstos rode up to me, saying, "Do you see those smokes over there?"—pointing about two or three miles off to our left. On my answer, "Yes," he said, "Go and rout them, and I will go ahead with Colonel Parker and cut off their retreat." We all set off at half speed; I approached the house-burners under cover of a narrow skirt of woods—wholly unperceived till within a hundred paces of them. I commanded them in the name of the people of the state to surrender. They mounted their horses and put off at full speed. I had some difficulty in crossing a ravine, which gave the enemy about a fourth of a mile start of us. I ordered a charge, telling the men to have no regard for order, but that the fastest horses were to go ahead and bring on the action, and all others were to go at the top of their speed until they should come up with the advance, and then fall into line. We had a race of three miles on the even prairie,

when four of our best horses overtook the enemy, and fired on them, killing one man on the spot and wounding two others, who fell from their horses and crawled into a corn field near by and died. In a minute there were over twenty horses running through the prairie, saddled and bridled to be sure, but with no riders on them, the men having dismounted and fled through the corn field, and all others escaping on their horses into the woods near by. Thus a victory was won by firing three guns, which resulted in the killing of three of the house-burners.

I formed my squadron and made them a short address, rather by way of command. By this time Backenstos and Colonel Parker, who were to have cut off the enemy's retreat, came up, and I ordered them to fall into line on the left, and then called a council of the officers of my command to consult on such things as should be thought best to do. It was proposed by the sheriff that we should go direct to Nauvoo and get an additional force, and return and rout the house-burners in their camp—numbering three hundred then in camp—a mile from us. As we were under the sheriff's control, of course we all agreed to his proposal, and immediately set off for Nauvoo, where we arrived a little after dark, having marched sixty-five miles in twenty-six hours. On getting to Nauvoo, I learned that a force of something over a hundred men, under command of Colonel Stephen Markham, had, on that morning, been sent to reinforce me. Sheriff Backenstos called on me early next morning to make ready for a return to Green Plains. In a short time we took up the line of march, and at four o'clock of the same day we got to Colonel S. Markham's camp, nearly thirty miles from Nauvoo. The same night I sent two discreet men to spy out the situation of the enemy's camp. They returned with all the facts relative to their encampment and intentions. They were in two bodies, one-fourth of a mile apart, in the woods on the side of a large corn field; they were three hundred in number, and intended to remain in camp until they could be reinforced by men from Missouri and the counties round about. I instantly insisted on Backenstos sending a dispatch to Brigham Young to send two pieces of artillery and four hundred men; to send one company by water to scuttle all the boats and skiffs from Nauvoo to La Grange, and take their station opposite Tully, in Missouri; another company to take their station at Warsaw, another to be posted opposite Keokuk (thus securing all the crossings of the Mississippi River below Nauvoo), and the rest of the men and the cannon to come as a reserve to back us up. I said that our plan was to lay ambuscades on all the roads leading from the enemy's camp, and make two divisions of the remaining force, and attack the camp of the enemy from the side of the corn field, where they kept no guard, and put them to the sword just at the break of day of the second morning, and argued that by carry-

ing the plan into effect we should be forever clear of mobs. The sheriff sent the dispatch with the plan of operations by O. P. Rockwell the same night, so as to have everyone in the place appointed by the time fixed for the attack.

We got no tidings until two days after, when Rockwell returned with a letter from Young, stating that he had no doubt of the success of the plan concocted to destroy the mob, but that we might in the meantime have many brethren killed, and withal bring upon us all the surrounding states. He assured Backenstos that in a day or two the men and cannon would be sent down to our camp to assist us in making arrests. Before the next day after this all the mob took fright, likely at the approach of the reinforcements, and they all crossed the Mississippi and encamped on the Missouri side.

On the arrival of our reinforcements, Backenstos marched us to Warsaw, then to Carthage, and encamped us on the Court House square, detailing strong guards, posting them in various parts of the county, and doing such other things as he thought the peace of the people required.

Such was the state of affairs when Governor Ford and General J. J. Harding arrived with a strong military force into Hancock County, disbanded the sheriff's posse-comitatus, arrested Backenstos for the killing of Worrell, and put the county under martial law. Sheriff Backenstos was taken to Quincy and tried before Judge Purple and put under bond of \$3000 to appear at the next term of court.

The mob that fled to Missouri, upon the introduction of the governor's military force, took courage and recrossed the Mississippi River and commenced depredations, leaving us in a worse condition than we had been at any time since the church had been in the state. About this time Brigham Young proposed leaving the United States; his proposition being that, if the Mormons were left in peace, he would leave the state, taking with him all the official members, and that this exodus should begin before the springing of the grass the ensuing spring. The remainder of the fall was taken up in negotiating with the people who wished us out of the country, and the governor and his military force.

From this time forward all was hurry and bustle, active preparations going on for the early exodus of the Saints from the city where the God of heaven had chosen to establish them in righteousness, if they would but keep his commandments.

Most truly and sincerely,

GEORGE MILLER.

Saint James, July 4, 1855.

Dear Brother: In my last letter I closed with a brief relation of the manner in which Alpheus Cutler supplanted me in a contract for a large amount of building.

This left me in such a situation that I knew not what to do, as it was getting too late in the season to pitch a crop. I was also destitute of the means of subsistence; in this crisis there was something necessary to be done. I had five wagons and not teams enough to haul them, since the loss of my cattle that were stolen at winter quarters; I therefore sold one yoke of oxen and a wagon, on the proceeds of which we subsisted for the time being. About this time Joseph Kilting and Richard Hewitt came down from winter quarters, expecting to get employment on the buildings which they supposed I had undertaken. I told them of the failure in getting work on account of Cutler's treachery, and that I had seriously contemplated going to Texas to look up my son, John F. Miller, who had gone off with Lyman Wight, as I had recently learned of his whereabouts. They proposed going part of the way with me, and in two or three days we departed for the Cherokee Indian nation, as that territory as represented as a good place for mechanical and other labour.

We took what is called the line road, having the Indian Territory on our west and the State of Missouri on the east. We prosecuted our journey without any serious difficulty, and when we got to Maysville, a small village on the west line of Arkansas, we turned off to the right, taking the Ft. Gibson road, and on the ninth day of July, 1847, arrived at Tahlequah, the capital of the Cherokee nation. Upon our arrival here I looked around a day or two for work. I had a great many offers of several kinds of mechanical labour at good prices. I went to work, not losing a day. In a short time I became quite popular among the Cherokees on account of my close attention to my labour. The brothers, Hewitt and Kilting, proposed to me that we should have meetings every Sunday at one of our houses (or my tent, as I then lived in one). The first meeting we held was at Hewitt's, and only our own folks were in attendance, but, before the end of the services, two white men came in, one a Methodist preacher and the other a merchant. They both had half-breed wives. They solicited me to preach in the Court House, saying that I could occupy the house once every Sunday, either forenoon, afternoon or at candle-lighting. I assented to their request, and on the next Sunday had a large congregation in the Court House. From this time on I became the popular preacher.

Thus things moved on smoothly through the summer and fall, and after the session of the Cherokee Legislature, I was solicited

by them to preach twice a week. My compliance with their request created a clamor and jealousy among the missionaries and the teachers in their seminaries, some of them having been among the Cherokees over thirty years. They sent in a petition to the principal chief, setting forth that they had been preachers and teachers among them all their best days; had grown old in their service, and had always been faithful to their interests; that they had educated their legislators and statesmen, and had been notorious for the interest they had taken against the United States in behalf of the Cherokees; that they were identified as of them, and had no country or interests aside from the Cherokees; that when I preached I had crowded houses, and they had to speak to the empty walls; and, furthermore, that the Legislature had never called on them to preach, notwithstanding the services they had rendered the nation; whereas I, a stranger, holding heterodox principles, could preach to crowded houses and received the caresses of the principal men of the nation. They therefore prayed that my preaching be stopped. I was confidentially told that the chief informed the petitioners that he could not constitutionally grant their prayer. After being apprised by a friend of what was going on, and having but a short time to stay, I gradually broke off preaching.

In the course of the summer and fall my son and myself and the female part of my family earned twelve hundred dollars and received the pay, and, having finished my contract, except some small things of minor importance, which I turned over to Kilting and Hewitt, on the fifteenth day of December, 1847, I loaded my wagons and started for Texas. The Indians did not wish to give me up, but, having made my plans and having now means in abundance to prosecute my journey, I would not yield to their solicitations. My journey was not characterized by any remarkable occurrence until I got into Texas. I, however, had beautiful, dry weather the entire extent of my journey.

I passed through the Creek, Seminole, Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians' territory. I will not leave this country without giving it a passing notice. In point of soil, climate, mineral and agricultural products, it will rank above Arkansas. The face of the country is undulating and in some parts mountainous. The soil, productive in wheat, rye, oats, cotton, rice and maize (or Indian corn), is better than southern Missouri and Arkansas, and more highly cultivated; and in regard to refinement, in civil society and institutions of learning, it is an age before them. The hand of Almighty God seems to have favored this region of country. Beside iron ore and bituminous coal, saline springs or wells abound, so as to make salt in great abundance for the immediate wants of those Indian nations, as also for all southwestern Missouri, western Arkansas and all northern Texas. Timber and stone for building are

abundant, and it is not surpassed by any country in point of water-power.

We crossed the Red River at the village of Warren, in Texas, passing down from the sources of the Trinity River to the Cedar Springs, about four miles above Dallas. The part of Texas that I passed through, lying between Warren and Dallas, is the most densely populated of any portion of the state, and under a better state of cultivation, and is capable of sustaining more people than the same area of any other portion of that country. This part of Texas is unhealthy from some cause not apparent on its face, as the country is undulating and there is little or no swamp or wet land unless it may be on the bottoms or margin of the larger water courses. The country from Dallas to the falls of the Rio Brazos is very thinly settled, and, in fact, cannot be otherwise than sparsely populated for the lack of wood and water. When I passed through there were but two houses on the road for a distance of one hundred miles. In the vicinity of the falls of the Rio Brazos is the village of Bucksports, with settlements up and down the river. On crossing the Brazos I entered upon a region of country destitute of water, and, although I crossed two or three valleys where large bodies of water run in the rainy seasons, I did not get water for our teams till I reached Little River, forty miles farther on. At this place my cattle began to fail, taking a disease that all northern raised cattle are liable to. They are attacked with stupidity and high fever, urinating frequently, passing apparently nothing but blood. The disease terminates in the death of the animal in about three days.

When we arrived at the city of Austin, I had yet alive out of my entire stock—consisting of ten yoke of oxen, eight cows and calves, and one horse—but four yoke of oxen and three cows. At this point I ascertained that my son lived west about seventy-five miles, with no house intervening. I ferried the Colorado River at this point, and the first night lost one cow and a yoke of oxen. Here I left a wagon and divided its load among the other three, and, as my family until this time had ridden in this wagon, they now walked on foot, from the least to the greatest. After having gone about thirty-five miles from the city of Austin, I could go no further for the want of teams to draw my wagons. I therefore sent up to Lyman Wight and my son for teams to haul my wagons and their contents to his place; and, according to my request, my son came down to my camp with teams and some additional wagons to haul us and our effects. On the arrival of my son I had but four head of cattle remaining alive out of thirty-six, the whole number of cattle with which I crossed Red River; and in a few days after but one survived.

The cause of the mortality among the cattle reared east and

north of Red River upon being taken into Texas I could not myself, nor ever heard anyone else, satisfactorily account for. The malady is not alone confined to horned or black cattle, but attacks horses also.

However, horses have a different kind of disease, called Spanish fever, and, in acclimating, more than half the number die; but not more than one of ten cows and oxen lives a year after coming to the country. Native cattle generally are fine looking and very healthy. And, with ordinary industry and care, no portion of the United States is better suited for the growing of every kind of cattle, the grazing being perpetual and acclimated stock uniformly healthy. The greater portion of Texas is better suited to a pastoral life than any other place of which I have any knowledge, and with proper care and little labor a frugal man may grow into boundless wealth in herds and flocks, having no necessity for winter stores to keep them. There is, however, care required on account of the numerous insects, incident to all low altitudes, which excoriate the skin of animals. There is a fly that deposits an egg that in a few hours hatches into a maggot, which sometimes endangers the lives of animals if not seen to in time. The means of subsistence can easily be secured by a very small amount of labor and attention. All the hill parts of Texas are healthy, away from the large creeks and rivers, but can never be densely populated for the lack of timber and water. On the sea coast, and for a distance of a hundred miles or more inland, the country is badly watered and generally unhealthy, and lacking timber, but not to the same extent as the part just spoken of. The country now under consideration, being a good grazing region through its whole extent coastwise and a hundred miles inland, contains the agricultural wealth of the state. Beginning with the rivers Trinity, Brazos, Colorado, Guadalupe, San Antonio, Nueces and Rio Grande (common to Texas and Mexico), together with all the minor streams flowing into the Gulf of Mexico, we have the sugar, cotton and rice growing portion of Texas. The plantations are all cultivated by negro slave labor. The yield of sugar (although this article could be raised to any extent as far as the climate and soil are concerned) is barely sufficient for the wants of the inhabitants, and, in many instances, large quantities are imported. This lack, no doubt, is altogether attributable to the want of capital among the planters, and, as in all other countries where slave labor is wholly resorted to, the growth in wealth and individual enterprise is comparatively slow and always a half century or more behind the countries where few hired laborers are employed to conduct their agricultural interests. In contemplating the natural resources of this country, one must note its capacity for producing grapes, mulberry trees, lemons, oranges, figs, almonds, olives, peaches and apricots to any extent almost in the range of human

comprehension. If it were under a system of good husbandry, it would no doubt abound in silk, wine and oil, tropical fruits, milk and honey. The honey bee abounds all over Texas, and whenever you meet with timber and hollow trees or crevices in the rocks, you can generally find the bee and honey. In all my travels from the Rio Trinity to the Nueces River coastwise, and from the latter to the Red River northeast, I rarely found fruit of any kind, and four-fifths of the entire population, in my observation, had not a fruit tree of any kind, or an ornamental tree or shrub about them. Beans of every variety may be raised to great perfection; sweet potatoes, peanuts, cucumbers and melons of every variety cannot be excelled in any country. Other edible roots and plants are inferior in quality and quantity to those grown in the other states of the Union.

It is a frequent occurrence in traveling through the country that you may for weeks not meet with a vegetable of any kind at the tables of the inhabitants. Their uniform diet is meat, bread and coffee; no butter or milk, although they may have from ten to five hundred, and even a thousand, cows and calves. Poultry can easily be raised to a great extent, as they have no winters to prevent the laying, setting and hatching of all fowls that lay more than one brood of eggs in the year; and you may find hens' eggs at all times of the year at every house where you find hens. Having said some things in regard to the natural and physical resources of this country, I again resume my narrative.

After getting to my son's house I found that he was living in a common stock association of some hundred and fifty persons, under the control of Lyman Wight, in the vicinity of a German-Dutch colony, located in the mountain region of Texas, on a tributary of the Colorado River, called Piedernalles (signifying "stony river" in the Spanish language), in the County of Gillespie. This community had a grist and saw mill, which they had, but six or nine months before my arrival, got into full operation. They had also a turning lathe, blacksmith's and wagon shop, together with comfortable houses. They furnished me a house until such time as I could build one, which I accomplished in about two months. They extended every kind of hospitality and aid in helping me build a cabin, or cabins, suitable for the convenience of my family.

Wight's company seemed to be in a prosperous condition, but were in debt to merchants in Austin some two thousand dollars or thereabout, and with all their industry the debt seemed to be growing larger, owing to Wight's bad financial management. They made overtures to me to join their association, which I declined, but, however, let them have the use of my wagons and other property, and money to a small amount, in all about eight hundred and sixty dollars, and agreed to put our labors with theirs until such time as I could make it convenient to leave them and go on my own account.

I soon became convinced that Lyman Wight had become so addicted to drinking that he would, if he persisted, destroy himself and bring ruin upon his community. He had also misled them by false teaching in regard to lineage and the laws of matrimony, and many other things. I took the liberty of speaking to Lyman Wight, and some few of his adherents, in regard to the corruption and errors they were running into, not doubting that I could convince them without getting their ill-will. But I soon found my mistake, and it made doubly manifest to me that, by a multitude of transgressions of the laws that God has given for the purifying and guidance of His people, the transgressors will lose the spirit that directs the mind to all truth, and become wholly darkened, and will invariably persecute those who point out to them their errors with the most bitter feelings. It was so with Lyman Wight and a number of his followers. From this time forward Lyman would, by innuendoes, allude to the acts that I had in a friendly way advised them to abstain from. I plainly saw the handwriting on the wall, and fully discovered that the war was in sight.

In the latter part of August I began to make arrangements to go by myself, and, on naming my intentions to Wight, he flatly told me that I could not have a particle of my property; that whenever anyone apostatized from the church (as he called himself and followers), they should go out empty. I told him that I had not joined his association, as he very well knew, and that I would have the things that I had brought here, less the expense of the teams to move me up to his place. He said he would call a meeting to take the matter under advisement.

As a result of their deliberations they decided that I should go away, if I left them, my son John, who had married Wight's daughter, siding with them. I told them I was going if I walked and carried my family on my back, and that I then warned them that I would have every dime's worth that they were there combining to rob me of; that, if I had covenanted or agreed to join them, I would not draw back, but as I had not, I wanted them to distinctly understand that I was after them with warm cloths, and hot blocks, and sharp sticks, until I got the last cent. They defied me and urged me to go ahead.

I went to the Dutch colony and hired teams to haul my family, as I had very little of anything else to haul. I learned that Lyman Wight, lest I should bring evil upon them, had sent some men after me to waylay me and assassinate me on the way, urging that it was better for one man to die than for a whole community to be mobbed and suffer. One man preceded me to Austin to advertise the people against me as a renegade. I, however, went ahead, not knowing where I should stop. I had promised the teamsters that I would pay them in corn, and in the city of Austin I ascertained that I

could buy corn of a Mr. Glasscock, if I would dig in a millrace by the yard, to pay for it—this at a very low price—but I could do no better. Therefore I went on a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles and commenced operations, thereby paying the teamsters for hauling me down, or rather across, the country to the place. I now again resorted to living in tents, as I had no wagons or anything else to help myself with. But in a short time Wight sent me an inferior light wagon and a span of mules to help myself with, and after two or three months of the most excessive labor by myself and boys, we accumulated a little stock of provisions and three or four cows and calves, and, by cutting the millrace, sufficient to pay for hauling my family to this place and pay for the stock I had on hand, and fifteen dollars over. I told my employer that, on account of the sickness of my son Joshua and nephew, I should have to seek other employment. He told me that he calculated on my finishing all his digging, amounting to four or five hundred dollars' worth, and that he would not have employed me at all if he had not supposed that I would finish the job. I told him that I had taken no definite amount of yards to cut, that I had been cutting his millrace by the yard, at the rate of nine cents the cubic yard, and that he had paid me for the most part of what I had done as we had agreed, and that the exposure of my family and their ill health would not permit me to prosecute his work any further. He said I could get a house in the neighborhood to shelter my family, and, if I abandoned his work, he would prosecute me for damages. I told him I had no one able to work but myself, and it took all my time to take care of my sick, and therefore I could work no longer. I therefore moved off twenty-five miles to a place where I expected to raise a crop for the ensuing year, and adopt some mode of living without the toil of digging a millrace for my daily bread. But my tyrant employer made good his word, and attached my wagon and team to secure the damages. I went to see a lawyer, who informed me that the whole matter was illegal, and that he would bind himself to set it all aside for the fee of fifty dollars, if I would secure him payment of his fee; that Glasscock was a rich man, and had great influence, and that, although he might recover damages from me, he would have to fight for it to the last bat's end; and that he could not work for nothing. As the property attached was worth about a hundred dollars, together with the fifteen dollars he owed me on my work (Glasscock told me that Wight had cautioned him to watch me, and he was bound to do it), I abandoned the whole concern, as I could get no security to aid me in the prosecution of my suit. Glasscock afterwards sent me about ten or fifteen dollars' worth of groceries.

I now had shanties or cabins to build to shelter me from the weather, as the rainy season had fully set in. and my tents were

worn out. To augment my perplexity I had no team to aid me but what I hired, and if ever man had suffering and privation, I think a large share fell to my lot there. In the month of February, about the time for planting my corn, my wife Mary had a stroke of palsy that made her as helpless as an infant, all attributable to Lyman Wight's cruelty toward me. I sent my son Joshua after my son John, who had married Wight's daughter, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, to come and see his mother, as she wished to see him and did not expect to survive the shock of her sickness. But John did not come on account of some preventing cause. In about three weeks from this time I decided to go to the city of Austin and seek employment as a builder, and therefore employed teams to haul my family and effects down to the city. The second day on my way down to my destination I met my son John and Wight's son, Orange L. Wight, with a message from Lyman Wight and his association that if I would return and take possession of a farm they had, with the growing crops, about eight miles distance from their residence, of nearly a hundred acres in cultivation, they would assist me with teams and provisions, together with a sufficient number of men to cultivate the crop, and give me half of it, and also reimburse me for the property which they had taken from me by violence and force until I should be satisfied. I accordingly agreed to accede to their proposals, and, on getting to the city of Austin, I discharged my wagons that I had employed to move me and pitched a tent, where I remained five days until my son John and O. L. Wight came with wagons and teams to take us up to Wight's camp.

A few days after getting to Wight's place I learned that a number of his company had left him since I had been there, but that they were better off financially than when I left them. I discovered a disposition in Wight to procrastinate in the execution of their late agreement with me, and a proposal was hinted to me that if I would join the association it would be made greatly to my interest to do so. I went to Wight, after fully weighing the whole matter in my mind, and plainly told him what I thought of his conduct and cruelty toward me and family, and said that my wife had been victimized on account of it, and that, if he did not comply with the agreement, I would take vengeance and inflict punishment upon him for all the wrongs that I had suffered at his hands, and that I would do it in a summary way. He, without further delay, complied with his agreement, or put things in the way of compliance, and I fully engaged all my time with my utmost energy and skill to gather about me the means of comfort. But when I could look about me and realize the distracted condition of the church in their scattered situation, without a shepherd that I knew of, I felt in my heart that I was a mourner, and became almost weary of life. While in this

state of mind I had a dream, in which I saw Joseph Smith in the heavens in a glorified state, together with countless numbers of glorified beings shouting hallelujah, praising God and the Lamb, and bidding me welcome to the celestial abode. A thin veil separated us, and their brilliancy was whiter and brighter than the sun. Joseph spoke to me and told me that if I would come I might, but I had better not come, as my work was not yet finished on earth. At this time the spirit of praising God came upon me, and I shouted, whereupon part of my family, not having retired to bed, hearing me supposed I had a night-mare, and pulled me from my bed. When I awoke my eyes were so affected from the light I had seen that I could not for a time distinguish the surrounding objects.

On another occasion I had a dream that I saw Joseph Smith sitting in a room talking to a person whom I have since seen. Upon my entering the room Joseph looked at me, saying, "God bless you, Brother Miller; I am instructing my successor in the prophetic office—how to manage and conduct the affairs of the church." The appearance of the person shown me by Joseph Smith in the dream was so stamped on my mind that I could not keep it from my view for a moment, and it was secretly whispered to me that I should soon hear news that would cheer my drooping spirits.

Most truly and sincerely,

GEORGE MILLER.

Saint James, August 10, 1855.

Dear Brother: I resume this subject where I left off in my last communication. Whilst pondering in my mind the scattered state of the Saints, and the fact that I could hear of no shepherd that I believed was authorized of God to lead the church, I was really in a state of gloom and despondency.

One afternoon after the toil of a warm day I came to my house to rest, and found some papers setting forth the appointment of J. J. Strang to the prophetic office, instead of Joseph Smith, deceased. It is true that I had heard his name spoken of as leader and prophet, but in my mind I numbered him with other pretenders; as I had not wholly abandoned the belief that Joseph Smith had appointed his successor in one of his own posterity.

I therefore wrote to Brother Strang a letter questioning his assumption of authority, and requested him to publish my letter. But the next day after mailing my letter I received another package from Brother Strang containing a small tract setting forth Brother Strang's appointment and calling to the prophetic office. On a close and critical reading and investigation of this tract I changed

my opinions, and wrote to Brother Strang countermanding the publication of my former letter. From this time I had frequent manifestations of Brother Strang's being called of God to lead his people, even as Moses was to lead the Israelites out of Egyptian bondage, and I began to set myself earnestly to make preparations together with the Saints. I was prospered in all my undertakings, and managed so as to be well provided with teams and four or five hundred dollars to bear my expenses to Beaver Island.

John G. Miner, who had been with Lyman Wight, having had a difference with him, quit his organization; and Miner solicited me to intercede with Wight to get a wagon and team for him, and said that he would go with me, as he was convinced that Brother Strang was the true successor of Joseph Smith. I spoke to Wight in his behalf. He said that Miner had a large family of children, and that all the work they had done as members of his association had not half fed them, and that they had been a great expense to the company; that he had brought nothing into the company, and that if a just account had been kept, Miner would be many hundred dollars in his debt, or rather in the debt of the company, and he could not consistently, with the rights of the company, give him anything; that he was an unprincipled knave, but that if I could haul him away he would add a yoke or two of oxen to my outfit. I decided to take him part or all the way, as he manifested a great anxiety to go, and furnished him with an old wagon and two yoke of oxen to haul his family. I also gave him money, according to the number of his family, to bear their expenses, as a matter of liberality on account of his destitute condition.

I had all preparations made to start on the 12th of October, 1849, but my horses strayed off so that we could not find them until the afternoon of the 13th, at which time we yoked up our oxen and started. If it had not been for the circumstance of my horses straying I should have started the afternoon of the 11th; and, as everything that transpired from the day I made up my mind to move to the Beaver Islands seemed to be directed for my good, so also on this occasion I received a letter from Brother Strang that gave me much comfort; this I should not have received if my horses had not strayed, as it came to hand on the evening that I had set apart for starting on my journey.

We had a great deal of rain for the first ten days of our journey, a circumstance unusual at this season of the year, in Texas. The waters were mostly high and difficult to cross. We, however, had no evil befall us until we crossed the Brazos River. We crossed at the falls; there was a crowd of emigrants crossing at the time of our reaching this place, which set us back in crossing with our wagons, four in number. We swam our oxen and horses, and took the wagons in pieces and ferried them over in canoes, to-

gether with our baggage. Whilst this toilsome labor was going on we put Miner in charge of the camp and cattle. When all was ferried over, we began to prepare for a start, but, through the negligence of Miner and the little boys left to assist him, they had so managed as to let all our oxen stray off but one yoke. My son Joshua and my nephew and myself got up our horses, put the remaining yoke of oxen in charge of Miner and went in pursuit of the lost cattle. After much diligence we found them about five miles off in the Brazos bottom; however, not until the second day. When we got into camp we found that Miner had let the yoke of oxen we left in his charge escape, and after a day or two's search for them without hearing any tidings of them we abandoned them, and proceeded on our journey lest we should lose more of our oxen, as the bottom was so thickly set with vines, brush and high weeds that it was only with utmost care that we could keep them together by constant herding.

I found in Miner and his careless, wasteful family a cumbrous load to drag along, but on account of his professed faith and his apparent desire to get to the church I would not abandon him. I had given him two yoke of oxen and a wagon and also money to defray his expenses, but he did not seem to realize my liberality, and used very little economy in the expenditure of the money I had given him, and I apprehended that he would soon be out of money, and that if he got through to the church he would have to be assisted. I therefore made no other calculation than to take him through to the church, if he would try in a small degree to help himself.

We had a very rainy fall and much high water, which made our progress very slow. We, however, kept moving, and every night got nearer our destination. The day after we crossed the Trinity River I heard that Clark Lyman Whitney, who had come from Council Bluffs to build a mill for a Mr. Overton, an old Missourian, was there only two days in advance of me, on his return to Council Bluffs, and from thence to Salt Lake. I started on horseback the same night that I received the intelligence to overtake him, and on the third day in the forenoon I overtook him at Preston, on Red River, and, as we had been a long time acquainted, we had a joyous meeting.

I, without ceremony, told him where I was going and my reasons for so doing; and in a concise manner laid before him Brother Strang's appointment to the prophetic office and calling, according to the revelations relative thereto in the covenant and commandments given to the church through Joseph Smith. After a short conversation with him on the above subject, he acquiesced with me in my opinion, and, without hesitancy, said he would go with me if he had but the means to travel on. I told him I had money and would divide it with him, and when we ran out of funds we would stop

and work for more—(Whitney's family went on the island)—and thus keep moving until we got to our place of destination. I returned and met my family, and Brother Whitney remained at Preston (the place at which I overtook him) until I arrived there with my family and effects; and on my arrival at Preston we ferried Red River, entered the Choctaw nation and prosecuted our journey north.

It rained almost every day, and night also; consequently we got along very slowly—and uncomfortably for the women and children. We had to lie by many days on account of high waters, and after taking into account the advanced season of the year, the cold and wet weather, together with the delicate condition of some of the females, we came to the conclusion to stop at the first good place to obtain profitable employment, and make our winter quarters. We had difficulty that we did not anticipate on account of our Texas oxen having been raised altogether on grass; there were some of them that could not be taught to eat corn and hay (when we were able to procure it), and three of our oxen died of fatigue and hunger before they would eat the corn.

On the 12th day of December, 1849, we arrived at the North Canadian River, a tributary of the Arkansas, one of the principal trading posts in the Creek and Seminole Indian territory; and here we stopped for the winter. We obtained an abundance of employment, by which we procured a full supply of everything necessary to make ourselves comfortable, and to feed our teams. It was not long before it was known who we were, and I was solicited by some of their missionaries to preach, and I consented. We had a full attendance of missionary priests, traders and some few Indians and half-breeds that could speak English. After I had done sermonizing the missionaries held a council (as I was afterwards informed), in which it was agreed that it would be an injury to their cause to enter into a controversy with any of the Mormons, as they had no one amongst them able to meet us in a religious controversy, and their better policy would be to treat us respectfully and courteously, as we were esteemed industrious and intelligent men; that their true policy would be to chime in with the public opinion and avoid, if possible, any injury to their cause by indiscreet controversy with us on doctrinal tenets.

During our stay in this country we made many friends amongst the Indians and some of the halfbreeds. I preached frequently to the Indians through an interpreter, and many were believers, and I could have baptized many, but I did not know how to instruct them, and I had doubts also that my authority would likely be irregular, as I had not been authorized and sent to preach the gospel by the legitimate head of the church. I preached many sermons, at the request of the traders, and became quite popular amongst

them. They patronized us and paid us liberally for our labor, and, after we had realized a sufficiency of money (as we supposed) to take us to the church, we could scarcely get away from them, as the traders and Indians, without exception, wished to retain us amongst them.

We got all our engagements fulfilled and were ready to leave the country. Miner decided to stay, as he had not made enough money to bear his expenses to the church. We proposed helping him if he would go, but he declined to go with us, having several jobs of work on hand unfinished, and he could not get pay for them unless they were completed.

On the 4th day of July, 1850, we started for Beaver Island, the little company consisting of twenty-three persons in number, viz.: Brother Whitney and his family; my son, Joshua L. Miller, wife and children, and my own family. The weather was exceptionally warm and rainy, and we made slow progress, and after reaching the west side of the state of Arkansas the murrain broke out in our cattle. We had three oxen that died of the disease, and upon consultation we decided to stop and exchange the remaining oxen for horses, and our ox-wagons for horse-wagons, although we were fully aware that we should have to do it at a great sacrifice. The exchange of our oxen and wagons necessarily took some time. We had wagons to fit up and repair and harness to buy, and it was not until about two weeks after our stop that we were again ready for an onward move. We, however, got all our preparations made and on the afternoon of the 22nd of July we again resumed our journey. Having all horse-teams, we progressed finely and comfortably, taking into account the great amount of rain that occasionally fell whilst we were on our journey.

We passed through the state of Missouri diagonally, crossed the Missouri River at Jefferson City, the capital of the state, and the Mississippi River at Hannibal; at this place we had twelve miles ferriage, and for the privilege paid a round sum. I do not now remember the exact amount. Nothing of particular interest occurred on our journey through the state of Illinois, except the hindering of our progress caused by the high water, and on the fourth day of September, 1850, we arrived at Voree, where we were kindly received by the Saints there, and greatly cheered and refreshed by the manifest kindness extended to us by all the brethren, which was indeed consoling to us after the exposure, toils and trouble incident to my journeyings, and the attendant perplexity of being without a shepherd.

The sensations roused up in our bosoms by the manifest brotherly kindness of all the Saints has left a remembrance of gratitude on my mind that time can never erase. We found the brethren closely engaged in hauling in their grain crops; we laid hold with

our teams to assist them. I made known to Brother Benjamin Wright, who was in charge of affairs at Voree, my intention of going to Beaver Island, the seat of the First Presidency, and we took under advisement how to dispose of my wagons and horses and procure the necessary outfit, whereupon we came to the conclusion that I should turn over all I had to Brother Wight (or rather the association) and that he should provide me with such outfit for the island as their circumstances would justify. Brother Whitney concluded to remain at Voree, where he died the succeeding spring. On my part, I worked with my might in assisting the brethren in their ordinary labors, until such time as it might be convenient to get my outfit for the place to which my desires inspired me to go.

No one can possibly realize my gratitude to the God of heaven for my safe deliverance from the perplexity of mind and burning anxiety for respite from the misrule of the haughty and arrogant usurpers of authority in the Church and Kingdom of God, and my eager expectations of being in a week or two placed again under the guidance of the true shepherd of the flock of God's people on earth, but those alone who have passed through such ordeals as I have in the last six years, subsequent to the death of Joseph Smith, and up to the time of my arrival at Voree.

GEORGE MILLER, JR.

So much for George Miller, the elder. I now come to the second part of my subject—the life, or, to be more exact, some few incidents in the life of the son, George Miller, Jr.—the George Miller who is with us today.

He was born February 11, 1850, in Indian Territory, among the Creek Indians, and was the only son of George Miller, Sr., by his second contemporaneous wife, née Boughton, who died in 1851 in Michigan. His father, a Mormon bishop, and, of course, a polygamist, was an intimate friend and a firm believer in Joseph Smith, but he hated Brigham Young as the devil hates holy water, and the compliment was apparently returned, for we have seen that on at least one occasion he vehemently suspected his enemy of compassing his assassination.

Of his mother little is known, for she died when he was a baby. He was his own man from the age of twelve—literally and absolutely. He started without father or mother and without a red cent, and all that he has made by the sweat of his brow. He is thus a self-made man in the highest sense of the term, and is proud of it.

The young George had every opportunity and every excuse for developing into a first-class blackguard, as he himself has often

told me, for he was thrown in those troublous times into the company of as ruffianly a type of humanity as God ever allowed to exist. And around the camp-fire at night he has told me time after time tales of his early life which have made me wonder how an orphan boy, under such circumstances, could have grown up other than an Apache, but the stuff was there—"De Tal Palo Tal Astilla"—and from his parents he inherited that essential integrity for which he has been known in California for nearly sixty years. Literally, George Miller would not betray a trust, tell a lie or do a dirty trick for all the money in the world. An enthusiastic Mason, he simply and unostentatiously subscribes to the high beliefs and tenets of that order, and lives up to them. Unlike his father, he has a simple and old-world faith in the integrity of his brethren—judging others by his own standard. The elder Miller, you will recollect, put Mormonism before Masonry.

More than once I have known him seriously imperil his estate financially and socially to help out some old friend who was down and out and in serious trouble, never hesitating for a second to count the cost, but simply practising the golden rule. He is perhaps most widely known to the present generation as an old-time Indian hunter. In fact, his whole life has been that of a hunter. He hunted Indians until they were all killed off, and grizzly bears until he himself, in 1901, killed the last grizzly bear in the San Bernardino mountains—and thereby hangs a tale—since which time he has had to be nominally content with the official two bucks per season, except when employed by the proper authorities to secure specimens of the *Ovis Canadensis* for the Golden Gate Museum of San Francisco, where many of his trophies may be seen.

I append a copy of a letter which, at the request of Byron Waters, he wrote to the Pioneer Society of San Bernardino in 1916. In his own language he tells the tale of the life of a pioneer in these regions in the sixties.

COPY OF GEORGE MILLER'S LETTER TO BYRON WATERS IN RE: INDIAN
TROUBLES AT SAN BERNARDINO FROM 1863 ONWARD

FIRST FIGHT AT MILL

*Jonathan Richardson, William Kane, George Lish, Tom Welty
Henry Law, George Armstrong, Frank Talmadge,
A. J. Currey, Thomas Enrufty, George
Birdwell, Frank Blair*

Highland, Cal., July 18, 1916.

Byron Waters.

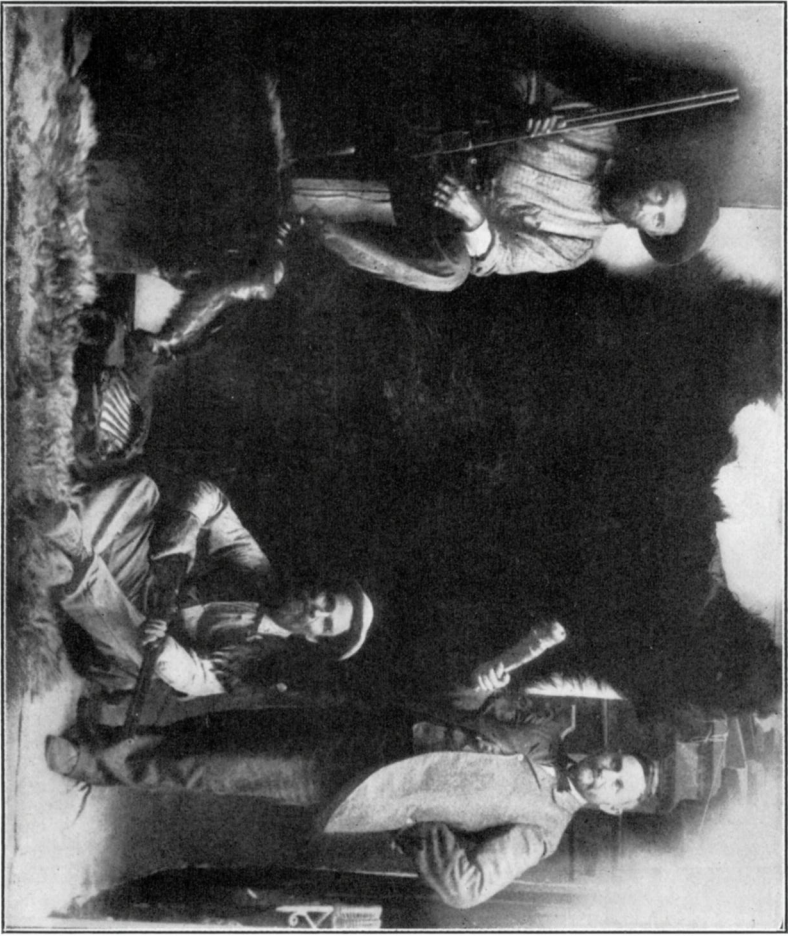
Dear Friend: To make good my promise that I would give you a little early history of our Indian troubles in San Bernardino County, I will commence back. In 1863, as near as I can recollect, they began to get quite bold. They came into the valley and killed a man by the name of Polito, a Spanish man, at the mouth of Little Sand Canyon, above Del Rosa, about where Jake Huff now lives. They made their escape over the mountains through Little Bear Valley, and stole a mule from Sam Pine, the father of ex-Supervisor Pine, who was living there at that time with his family. They went on down Willow Canyon below the narrows in a side canyon. They killed a mule and then ate him; they seemed to love mule and horseflesh better than beef. I think a short time after that, at the mouth of Davy James' Canyon, now known as Cable Creek, they shot a horse and mule of W. F. Holcomb and Pete Smith, while they were hunting. I think about the same time they shot [but did not kill] Dr. Smith in Cajon Pass. This Dr. Smith was the man who first located Arrowhead Hot Springs. Bill Holcomb and others gathered up a party and followed them over into the Rock Creek country. They took no provisions with them; had to live on venison straight, and so had to give up the chase. About that time S. P. Waite was living in Cajon Pass at the upper toll-house, with his family, having to keep a sharp lookout for Indians. He discovered a bluejay darting down at something up on the bluff above the house; it raised his suspicions that something might be there. He thought he could see an object there, and so he took a shot at it. The next morning he went out to investigate and found an Indian lying there.

Now I will go back a little and speak of myself in order to get the date more definite. I went up on the mountain with Justus Morse and old man Wixom to work in the shingle-mill in Dark

Canyon. Old man James was running a saw-mill at what is known as Knapp's Flat. Old man Huston was running a saw-mill at the east end of the flat on the creek coming down from Squirrel Inn. We call it Huston Creek. I got one of my fingers cut off in the mill while making shingles, and a bad cut on the leg with an axe; so I came down to the valley for repairs. I then went out to Yucaipa to work for James Waters; stayed there about three months; came back and went to the mountains again, and then went to work for A. J. Currey, who afterwards became sheriff of the county. After I had worked for him about a year, I bought him out. We were living in a little canyon running in Little Bear Valley from the south side, just east of where Lapraix mill stood afterwards. We were living previously for a short time in a house that had been vacated by Frank Talmadge. Bill Holcomb was living in a house close by that had been occupied by Sam Pine. The place is covered with water now of Little Bear Lake. I took Bill Holcomb in as a partner some time after that to finish working up the timber I had on hand. The Indians were very troublesome all this time, stealing cattle and horses. Everybody had to be on their guard. Old man James, just before I went to work for Currey, had moved his mill in Little Bear Valley Canyon, now known as Blue Jay. He sold out to William Caley, Jonathan Richardson, George Armstrong and J. J. Willis. Frank Talmadge was driving a logging team for the company at that time, he buying out Armstrong afterwards, Garland P. Thomas buying out J. J. Willis.

Now that brings me up to about 1866. The Indians were very bad, killing stock on the Mohave River, in particular that of the Bemis boys and Dunlap, the owner of the Dunlap & Parrish ranch—the one on the west fork of Mohave, now known as the Las Flores rancho. It was there, while they were driving up their cattle, the Indians ambushed them and killed Parrish, Bemis and Whiteside, while they were riding up a small draw, looking for a cow and yearling that had escaped the herd. It was between sundown and dusk they were killed. They recovered the bodies of Parrish and Bemis that night. They were stripped of all their clothing. They found Whiteside the next morning. He had been wounded evidently, and had put up a fight from the indications. His body was also stripped of all clothing. He was shot full of arrows, as well as having a bullet hole in his shoulder. His head was smashed in with a rock. This occurred about one mile east of the house, a short distance from the mouth of Grass Valley Creek, west. Just as soon as the horses came in with saddles covered with blood, everybody took the back trail to find the bodies of the men. It being dark made it difficult, and they got only two of them that night, Bemis and Parrish, finding Whiteside the next morning. Then the chase began, driving the Indians into the desert and mountains. I

do not know how many Indians there were, but I presume there were two hundred and fifty to three hundred all told, old and young. They were mostly Piutes, and a few Chimihueve and renegades. They inhabited the north side of the mountain range and desert. The next depredation was in Little Bear Valley, about where the dam runs across the Arrowhead reservoir. There was a little pen stalk water saw-mill standing there—sash saw—turning out about 800 feet of lumber in twenty-four hours, first built by Jerome Benson, and rebuilt by old man Meeks. The Indians slipped in when no one was in, and robbed the houses, and afterwards burned them. They then came up the valley to Bill Kane's house, just below where Talmadge's last mill stood, in Little Bear Valley. George Lish and John Dewitt had just brought up supplies of provisions to go to work, and just turned their horses in the pasture and went across the valley for a few minutes. On their return they found the Indians in possession of horses, guns and provisions. The Indians made a dash for them. They made their escape to Talmadge's mill, now called Blue Jay Camp. The next morning Talmadge and Richardson, Armstrong and Kane, took two saddle-horses and one pack-animal and started after them. They went down by the house and found it burned to the ground, grindstone broken and everything destroyed they could not carry off. Considerable snow fell during the night, about five or six inches, and that made tracking good. So they were determined to find where the Indians were located. They had already sent to San Bernardino for help that had arrived, and gathered all women and children into the mill house, so that they could go on without any fear for the families. So on they went for Willow Canyon. Right at the head in a little flat, just this side of the gate house of Arrowhead Reservoir Company, they saw eight Indians. The Indians saw them first and ran. Talmadge and Kane were on horses, Richardson and Armstrong afoot, leading the pack animal. Talmadge and Kane, being on horses, ran after the Indians, it being easy to follow the tracks in the snow. They chased them on down on the right side of the canyon just below where the first tunnel comes through from Little Bear Lake. The Indians, being pressed too closely, got in behind a big log. Talmadge kept above the trail a little; Kane followed right after them. He ran right on them before he knew it. They shot his horse several times; his horse threw Kane off, and he got behind a tree. The horse went back to the pack animal. The Indians were trying to get Kane, he having dropped his gun in the fall. Talmadge had got off his horse, and shot and killed the one just drawing a bead on Kane. Kane had lost his gun when he fell from his horse; he had nothing but a pistol left. Talmadge had a double-barrel, muzzle-loading gun. The Indians then turned their attention to Talmadge. Kane ran



George Miller (seated) with the skin of the last grizzly bear killed in the San Bernardino Mountains

back to the other boys. Talmadge fired another shot. He could not hold his horse any longer and hold his gun. The Indians scattered. Talmadge went back to meet the boys. They all went back to the mill. That ended the first round. The next day they gathered in what guns and ammunition they could; one or two more men from San Bernardino came up; they moulded up all the lead they could get hold of; got powder and caps, for all we had was muzzle-loading guns in those days, and started to locate the Indians once more. They left with the women four men: J. J. Willis, G. P. Thomas, G. Birdwell and one other man. They decided not to go the wagon road down to Bear Valley for fear of being way-laid by the Indians. More snow had fallen by this time, almost two feet, I think. In the party that day were Frank Talmadge, Jonathan Richardson, I think; William Caley, A. J. Currey, Thomas Enruffy, better known as "Noisy Tom"; Henry Law, George Lish, Tom Welty, Frank Blair, Bill Kane, George Armstrong, I think, and Joab Roar. It was so long ago that I am not positive as to those two. As I said, they decided to go down the canyon on the left side toward Bear Valley. They left the road about two hundred yards below the mill and started up over the first ridge. Just as they reached the top they met about sixty Indians. The timber being thick, the fighting was done mostly from behind trees. I think the Indians opened fire first. They must have had about forty guns, and some had bows and arrows. The firing lasted some time, several hundred shots being fired. Tom Welty got shot through the shoulder, Bill Kane in the leg. Two men being wounded, and about four men and two guns being all they had left to protect the women folk, they went back to the mill. They left one dead Indian and several wounded. That ended another scrap. The Indians having got the worst of it, leaving two dead (N. B. in the two scraps—so G. M.) on the ground and a good many mortally wounded, they went down for a warmer climate, towards the desert. Those Indians that were killed had their shoes, or sandals, tied to their belts and their feet in the snow. They all were barefooted, as their tracks showed in the snow.

We determined to drive them out of the mountains. We gathered up some more men from San Bernardino, with provisions, and a wagon to haul the blankets, and our supply, not being much at that. Some went over the mountains; some went through the Cajon Pass. We made our first headquarters at the Dunlap and Parrish ranch, now Las Flores Rancho—see note "A" at end. In the army of the Mojave at first outset were W. F. Holcomb, Jack Martin, John St. John, Samuel Bemis, Edwin Bemis, Wm. Bemis, Harrison Bemis, Bart Smithson, John McGarr, Jonathan Richardson, Frank Blair, George Armstrong, George Birdwell, Joseph Mecham, Jack Ayres and one man—I don't know his name. He

was so no-account he would not get out of camp or do a solitary thing—the laziest man I ever saw in my life. We divided up into small parties each day to go in different directions to get the trails to find where the Indians had gone to. We found all trails of them going northeast on the desert from Rock Creek on the west to Cushenberry on the east track; all led toward the Rabbit Springs. We then moved down to the Mojave River to get closer to our work, in some heavy timber—the place is now known as the Verde Rancho; it was not owned by anybody at that time. From there we put out our scouting parties, and soon located the Indians on a rocky mountain north and west of Rabbit Springs, just north of the west end of a dry lake.

I was with the Bemis boys and Jack Martin during the time we were scouting. A brave set of men they were, but cautious and on the alert. The next thing to do now was to make an attack, as soon as we could get all hands together at about 20 miles from our camp west, and we decided to make a daybreak attack.

Three or four men then got sick all at once—toothache and headache—and they went home then.

The next day came more men, Dave Wixon, Noisy Tom, Sam Button and a man by the name of Stout, and his son and son-in-law. Those who went home were Ayres and Mecham—I have forgotten the other names. We sat up that night till about 12 o'clock. Then we divided into two parties. Stout was made captain of the men who went by the wagon road. St. John was made captain of the men who went north of the mountain. It was a considerably greater distance for those going on the north side of the mountain. I want to say right here that this was the coldest weather that I had experienced in many a day. Men's moustaches froze from their breath. I was not old enough to grow hair on my face at that time. We wandered around through the night in the "chollas" (cactus) half frozen, and arrived at the foot of the hill in broad daylight. We should have been at the top of the mountain at that time. Stout and his party, following the road, a much shorter distance, got there on time. They saw us just starting up the hill. They did not see any Indians. They fired off a gun to let us know they were there, and hallowed a few times, and started down to the wagon. That woke up the Indians, and put them on their guard. We could see the Indians running about from place to place, one with something in his hand, a piece of blanket, and directing his men. The Indians did not see us. They were watching Stout's party, and trying to cut them off from the wagon. All this time we were hurrying the best we could, the ground being very rocky and hard climbing. We would go half at a time; then we would get behind rocks and wait until the others came up. They would get under cover and we would go on again. We got right in there among them before they

knew it. Then the guns began to crack and arrows began zipping about, and you could not see any distance for so many big rocks. Jack Martin and Bill Holcomb, Noisy Tom and Bill Bemis went on the west side of a big rock. Richardson and I were on the east side of the rock. We started to go round on the south side, where the most shooting was. An arrow struck Richardson in the breast. He staggered round, and I caught him in my arms, and got him behind a rock and started on. I had gone but a few feet when I met St. John, our captain. He said, "Where are you going?" "I was going," I said, "to get help, as Richardson was badly wounded." He went and looked at him. I showed him the arrow he was shot with, covered with blood. He shook his head and said, "You can't do anything for him; let the battle go on." He turned round to me and said, "George, you see that bush there and a little piece of blanket? That rock is split in two. The Indians are going through and getting away. You crawl right up to that little pile of rock; don't let them get out that way; don't shoot unless you are very close. I will go round and get the other boys, and come over the rock and meet you." I crawled up within twenty feet of where he told me to go. The Indians were yelling like ten thousand coyotes. I lay about as flat as a man could lie on the ground, laid my pistol right where I could get my hand on it, and used the gun first. The Indians were passing at the left of me and a little in the rear of me. I hardly knew which way to expect them. I heard the rocks rolling behind me and looked across a little canyon. I saw Dave Wixom and Harrison Bemis crawling down the hill toward me. I beckoned them and they came to me. I felt very much relieved when they crawled up to me. About that time I heard Noisy Tom's voice and saw the heads of them coming over the rock—Noisy Tom, Holcomb, Martin, St. John, all of them in a breast, guns ready to shoot. When Tom saw me with my gun in the direction of him, pointed at the blanket and bush, he hallooed out at me, "Miller, don't you shoot this way, you little S. B., you." As St. John said, the Indians had made their escape through the split in the rock—all that were in that company, except two squaws, one boy about fourteen, one girl about ten, and a baby. They took them prisoners. In the fight were Noisy Tom, Holcomb, Martin, St. John, Richardson, Wixom, H. Bemis, S. Bemis, W. Bemis, E. Bemis, Blair and Armstrong. The two last stayed hid all the time the fight was on. J. McGarr and Button were taking care of the horses. John McGarr and Samuel Button had taken the horses in the meantime around to the wagon. Now the next thing to do was to get Jonathan Richardson down to the wagon, and with him the prisoners we had. Richardson was very weak and sick, and the ground was very steep and rocky, but we got to the wagon in safety. If those Indians had known that there

were but a dozen men of us, they could have wiped us off the face of the earth. Our coming up and attacking them in the rear surprised them. They were busy trying to cut Stout's party off from the wagon. With us coming up they thought they were trapped, and they scattered like quail, and lucky for us they did. Now to get Richardson to San Bernardino we had to send an escort with him, Bill Holcomb, Sam Button and Armstrong and Blair. That ended that scrap.

Then we went on after the broken remnants of them. We chased them around through rocks. They were getting together as fast as they could. Our party getting weaker all the time, we thought we could handle a few of them more easily than all of them together. I was with Bill Bemis, Ed Bemis and Jack Martin. The next day we went up to the old battleground to pick up the trail of some of the stragglers. We soon picked up a trail leading down the north slope of the mountain. We followed them down to the valley, where they turned up a sand wash running into some low hills. They seemed to have gotten together again. The trails looked as if there were 150 or 200 of them. We were close to the foothill at the mouth of the canyon.

We heard a shot close by, only a few rods away. We looked around, but could not see anything. It was almost sundown. We had no water and had six miles to walk, so we went to camp and reported.

The next morning, as soon as we could see, all hands went to take up the trail where we left it the evening before, leaving three men in camp. In a short time we had the trail again. We had not gone far from where we left the trail the evening before, and heard the gun fired, when we found where they had stayed all night—not over four hundred yards from where we turned back the evening before. The canyon was about one hundred feet across at the mouth, and very rocky. They went right up the sand wash and you could see the tracks a hundred yards ahead. They then turned off out on either side and came back to the mouth of the canyon, and fortified both sides, and there lay in waiting for us. Had we gone any further the evening before, they would have killed all four of us without doubt. We then followed on, skirting the foothills. We were close on to them; they would not come out in the open valley, but kept in the rocks, except when crossing the mouths of canyons. We followed on until about three o'clock in the afternoon.

We had no water, having no canteens. We started back to camp. We had traveled all this time in a half circle. We were nearer camp than when we first took up the trail in the morning. We met Stout's son coming with two horses, leading one for his father, the other for his brother-in-law. He had a canteen of water

and a lunch for the three. They decided to follow them on, as they were still going on in a circle. St. John and Martin remonstrated with them, and told them how they had set a trap for us the evening before, and said they had better go to camp with us. They would not listen. They were on horseback and were going to follow a little further. I was dry and thirsty and hungry; had had no water since early morning, and hurried into camp. Dinner was ready; so was I. So I washed myself and got a plate of beans and had started to sit down, when I heard the guns begin to pop. The other boys had all got in by that time. I picked up a field glass and looked in the direction I heard the shooting, and saw a man coming on a bald-faced horse across a dry lake north of us. The man had no hat on his head. I knew it was Stout's son and horse. I could not see the other two men. We were all gone and going to meet him before he got to camp. We were there just in time to save his father and brother-in-law. Stout's horse was shot, and his son-in-law had a broken arm. Stout had several bullet holes through his coat, but none had hit the flesh. They had followed the Indians to a little point through a little pass, with two little buttes on either side. The Indians lay in the rocks on both sides of them and opened fire on them as they came through. How they ever escaped I do not know. The Lord must have been on their side. We opened fire on the Indians as soon as we got there. They were making for the top of the mountains. I started to go round a point of the hill. John McGarr had tied his horse to a grease bush and the horse was about to break loose, hearing so much shooting. John hallooed at me to get his horse before he got away. I had just seen two Indians running up through the rocks and was hurrying round on the other side to get a better shot at them. So I jumped on the horse, and started in a hurry. The horse started bucking. I was hanging on for dear life. Two Indians ran out from behind some rocks not over fifty yards from me; they never stopped to shoot at me, but ran farther up into the rocks. By the time I got the horse stopped, and got off, they got in behind some more rock. I then found that I had lost all my bullets. I took the horse's tracks and followed back until I found about a dozen. By that time the shooting had stopped. Then the next thing was to get in the wounded man and horse. It was near sundown. We held council and found, when we had furnished an escort to San Bernardino with the wounded, there were only Jack Martin, the four Bemis boys and myself, and we decided we could not do any business. So we came on with the rest of them. I went on ahead with part of the crowd that night on horseback, as Richardson had left his horse with me. The balance of the men went with the wagon. We were to meet at the old camp on the Mojave River. It was bitter cold that night. It was storming on the mountains; the sleet blew in our

faces all the way to the Mojave. The wagon lost the way, and landed about eight miles above us on the river. They had all our blankets and provisions. The snow fell on us that night about six inches deep. We had not had anything to eat since daybreak the morning before. We found the wagon the next morning about nine o'clock, and got some breakfast, what little there was to get. I could tell you a funny story that happened there, but it will do some other time. While we were there, Joe Serrill's brother, and, I think, John Burkhart, killed eight Indians at the mouth of Cushenberry Canyon.

Now I will commence where I left off. We waded through the snow over the Cajon Pass almost frozen and starved. We hadn't had a square meal for thirty-two days. We got to the upper toll-house. A man by the name of Fears, I think, was there, and others. Some of the boys got meals at seventy-five cents; I did not have the price. So I went on down to the lower toll-house. John Brown, Sr., was there and his son, Joseph Brown. Mr. Brown says, "Boys, I expect you are hungry. I am not very well fixed to cook for so many at a time, but come in; I will serve you all as fast as I can. You shall have the best I have got. You deserve it."

They all took him at his word but John McGarr and myself. I was as hungry as a coyote, but did not want to impose on good nature. I got home about two o'clock in the night, having been gone from home just thirty-two days. Yours truly,

GEORGE MILLER.

Note A: I want to state right here, before I go any further, as to the mode of fighting, that they keep up a constant yell all the time. They make more noise than 10,000 coyotes; never come out in the open to fight, but fight from behind rocks and trees, and keep up a constant yell all the time. There is one thing they never do; that is, they never leave any wounded on the battle-ground. They take and carry away every one that has a spark of life left in him. You never know how many are wounded and killed.

Note B: Army of the Mojave—W. F. Holcomb, Jack Martin, John St. John, Sam Bemis, Harrison Bemis, William Bemis, Edwin Bemis, Bart Smithson, John McGarr, D. H. Wixom, Jonathan Richardson, Frank Blair, George Birdwell, Joseph Mecham, Stout and son, Griffith (son-in-law), one man (I don't know his name), Sam Button. Shot: Parrish, killed, Bemis, killed; White-side, killed; Dr. C. Smith, wounded; Polito, killed; Weltz, wounded; Kane, wounded; Wolley, killed.

Note C: Those who participated in first fight at Rabbit Springs

—John St. John, Bill Holcomb, Ed Bemis, Harrison Bemis, John McGarr, Jonathan Richardson, George Armstrong, Jack Martin, Sam Bemis, Bill Bemis, Thomas Enrufty, Dave Wixom, Frank Blair. Bard Smithson stayed with the wagons and horses at all times, he and two other men.

But I am getting ahead of my subject. I must go back to his early days, and finally will wind up with some more or less picturesque, but always forcible, anecdotes, wherein he and his friends, many of whom have since gone over the Big Divide, bore conspicuous parts.

Born February 11, 1850, in a log cabin in Indian Territory, among the Creek Indians, at the age of eleven months he went to Michigan, where his mother died. In 1854 the family moved to Meringo, Illinois, where his father died in the following year. The next trek was to Iowa in 1856, with the object of uniting forces with Joshua Miller, his half-brother, in their journey to California. In 1857 the party was well under way, but was wrecked in the Gulf of Mexico, the Mississippi River boat on which they were traveling coming to grief near Fort La Vaca, where they were landed. John, another half-brother, was now appealed to for help, and he promptly came from Texas, and the journey was continued overland in oxen-drawn wagons. In 1858, Burnett County, Texas, was made, and in 1859, Mormon Mill, where they waited a year before a sufficiently strong wagon train to cross the plains was collected.

In 1860 they arrived with their ox-teams in California, and in August, 1861, in San Bernardino. Their immediate party included John Miller, with his second wife and three children; Joshua Miller, with his wife and five children; Elizabeth, who married first one Robert Keir, by whom she had one child, and later Bill McCoy, to whom she bore four children, all now dead, except Tillie, who married Walter Shay, now chief of police of San Bernardino.

George Miller, Jr., the subject of this paper, who married Eleanor Hancock (who came to California from Iowa in 1854), by whom he has had eight children: Joseph, born June 1, 1872, died at birth; Nancy, born March 30, 1873, died at birth; Augusta, born, February 1, 1874, married John R. Crandell, and by him she had two children; George, born December 5, 1875, accidentally killed in 1913; Ida, born December 4, 1878, married J. O. Lamb, had two children; Mary, born September 20, 1881, married W. P. Rogers, no children; Willie, born September 30, 1884, married Stella Edwards, one child (Delia Vaughan, aged 18 months); and Charles, born March 16, 1891.

In 1862, at the age of twelve years, George, now his own man,

went to work for Sandy Keir for one year. In 1863 he worked successively at Taggart's brick yard, Wixom's shingle mill and for Jim Waters at Yucaipa. In 1864 we find him working for one Rose, who owned a shingle mill, and later on for one Currie, cutting logs. In 1865 he bought out Currie, being of the mature age of fifteen years, and went into partnership with Bill Holcomb, of whom more anon. The partners spent 1868 prospecting in Death Valley, Inyo County, and in 1869 in the San Bernardino Mountains. In 1870 he went to Arizona and spent the year freighting, driving a mule team out of Prescott, and in the following year, still driving his mule team, he returned to Grass Valley, San Bernardino, and married. In 1872 he bought eighty acres of land at \$2.50 per acre and planted it to peaches, apricots and alfalfa, and in 1901 to oranges. This land is now worth \$1500.00 per acre.

This biographical sketch is very incomplete, but a perusal of it enables one to draw a mental picture of the life of a pioneer in the sixties, and explains perhaps the fact that right now, when he is in his sixty-eighth year, there are few men of half that age who can keep up with George Miller in the mountains.

A hunter from birth, he has a knowledge of woodcraft that is extraordinary, and, his climbing muscles having been developed by over sixty years of constant use, he never seems to tire in the mountains. Starting at five A. M. he strikes his own gait, and although traveling slowly, as all good hunters do, he keeps it up until dark. Many a time I have mildly suggested that it would be a good idea to sit down for five minutes for lunch, only to be told that he preferred to eat his walking. Many a time, when hot and tired out from a long tramp I have taken advantage of the opportunity to cool off in a mountain stream, has he severely and with an almost pained expression remarked, "That isn't hunting deer."

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about George is his possession to a weird degree of the sixth sense, the sense of location. Even old and experienced hunters occasionally get temporarily lost in the mountains—at night, for instance, or in a strange country—but George Miller, never. Like the carrier pigeon, he takes a bee-line back to camp, and many are the stories told about him in this connection.

On one occasion, in the northern part of the state, I was hunting with him in a very rough country—quite unknown to him. As usual he persisted in tracking deer until it was dark. The remonstrances of myself and the guide, however, were finally efficacious, and we started, as we thought, campwards, the guide leading. At once George remarked quietly, "That isn't the way home." The man who had been born and bred in the locality, and had acted as a guide there for more than thirty years, and who was tired and hungry and more than a little sore at having been kept out unneces-

sarily late, answered sharply that he was quite capable of finding the way in his own country. George said nothing more, but some two hours later, when the guide grudgingly confessed himself hopelessly off the right track, quietly assumed the latter's functions and tacking ship led us straight back to camp, which lay in a totally different direction from that which we had been following. I could easily multiply such examples, but this one suffices to illustrate my point.

It is while sitting around the camp fires at night that George sings his best forty-niner songs and tells his best hunting and prospecting yarns. Of the former, "Sweet Betsy of Pike," to the tune of "Villikins and His Dinah," and "Lather and Shave," to a tune of its own, are my favorites, though his repertoire is an extensive one, and I shall never forget the delight of a famous singer in Berkeley, in whose salon, on our way back from a bear-hunt in Siskiyou County, I persuaded George to oblige with these two gems. The singer said she had always wanted to hear a forty-niner song—and she heard two!

Of his yarns, which are many and varied, those which appeal to me most are the ones that refer to his one-time partner, Bill Holcomb, now, alas! gone on his last hunt. He tells how Bill Holcomb (born in Iowa in 1832; died at San Bernardino, California, 1912) came to California in 1850, traveling by the northern route, and in an ox-wagon to the Green River, which empties into the Colorado; in crossing the latter his raft capsized and he lost his entire outfit. He continued his journey on foot, living with his friend, Jack Martin, on rose buds for four days, a diet which may seem romantic to us, but was not very filling. On the fifth day, being at their last gasp, they miraculously found a canteen of water and a sack of food, and, to his dying day, Bill Holcomb always solemnly referred to this as an example of the direct intervention of Providence.

After arriving in Upper California, they passed on to Calaveras County, hunting for the market and looking for gold. Again they had got into very low water, when one day they ran on to a creek, the sandy bottom of which glittered with gilded particles. Visions of wealth floated before their eyes, and until literally starving they worked feverishly to collect the coveted wealth. Foreseeing a mad rush to their treasure-trove, Bill traveled eighteen miles to the nearest point where he could buy grub, going and coming by night to elude pursuit. At length their last cent was spent, and at length, too, they had a sack full of gold. Brazenly now they swaggered into a store in a market town, where they ordered lavishly and without thought of expense a goodly supply of food—producing in payment a small quantity of the golden dust. A queer expression came over the face of the store-keeper—a look wherein pity was

mixed with suspicion—as he remarked, “That is no good to me.” “Why not, you d— fool? it is gold,” replied Bill. “No, it is isinglass,” replied the man. It took long to convince Bill, by demonstration with the scales, that the man was right, and, when he was finally convinced, he sat down and cried. All their toil and privations had been for nothing, and, worse than that, he had not a cent to buy provisions for himself and famished partner. Fortune favored them here, however, for the kindly store-keeper took pity on them and grubstaked the greenhorns, paying them \$10.00 a day to work in his own placer mines. His exchequer being replenished, he soon after decided to visit his brother in Oregon. Sending ahead for a ticket, he journeyed to San Francisco, whence the boat sailed, went aboard and retired at once to his room, being fearful of being robbed of the real gold which he now carried in his belt. All at once the ship’s whistle blew a great blast preparatory to starting. With a wild yell the rustic Bill rushed madly on to the crowded deck, shouting at the top of his voice, “You d— fools, why don’t you jump? The ship is blowing up!” When the nautical mystery was at length explained to him, he was so ashamed that he fled to his cabin and hid there. Coming on deck some few days later he felt strangely squeamish, and it flashed across his mind that he had had a drink with a stranger who was desirous of robbing him, and had plainly doped his liquor. Hastening to the captain he handed over his belt, with tears in his eyes, imploring him to send it to his mother, so that the villains should not get his money. On the captain explaining to him that he was seasick, Bill yelled at him, “You scoundrel, you are in with the gang!” Truly he was very green.

Time passed, and Bill became a wiser and a sadder man. His next venture was on the Feather River, where he “made good”; but a flood came and the partners barely escaped with their lives. After this came a spell of hunting (elk, bear, antelope) for the market; then, via Ventura, he came down to San Bernardino in 1859, slaying four grizzly bears and discovering the Holcomb Valley mine within a few days. The usual story follows: Jack Martin got drunk and gave the show away; the rush of miners followed, and the partners, frozen out, left for Arizona with \$18.00 between them. In Arizona they located a mine which they sold to one Dick Gurd for \$500.00; it netted Gurd one million a little later on.

His next move was to San Bernardino, where he worked in lumber, becoming acquainted with George Miller in 1864. Thereafter they were bosom pals to the day of his death.

In the year 1877 the two were hunting grizzly bears in what is even now a wild spot known as Devil’s Hole, at the head of Little Rock Creek, when an event occurred, reference to which was for many years a sore point with Bill Holcomb. A certain amount of

hunters' rivalry existed between them. They were the best of friends, both crack shots and first-class hunters, but Bill was extremely anxious to get a particularly fine old grizzly which had long eluded them, and determined to "put one over" on George. Selecting a time when the latter was otherwise occupied (looking for a strayed horse), he took up the track and finally in a most difficult country he caught a glimpse through the dense undergrowth of the bear. Leveling his trusty 45-90 he pulled the trigger, and down came an old brown horse. To chagrin succeeded fear, for the horse must belong to Indians, who would not be slow to follow up and take revenge. That night at the camp fire it was evident to those present that Bill had something on his mind, and finally, after several drinks, he was prevailed upon to confess, first, that he had mistaken a horse for a bear, and, secondly, that he had endangered the lives of his companions by shooting the Indian's horse. It was a bitter pill for Bill to swallow, this double confession, not made any easier by the unmerciful chaff of his companions. In fact, it was too good a story for the latter ever to forget, and is still one of the favorite jokes which, to this day, the pioneers of San Bernardino laugh over. As a matter of fact, the horse was ownerless—a derelict that had strayed and got into that abominable place and couldn't get out. Only a few years ago George and myself found evidence of a similar occurrence in a wild spot in the Haystack Mountains, Santa Rosa Range.

Now comes the sequel: In 1901, just fourteen years after Bill Holcomb shot the horse, George Miller, the younger, shot the last grizzly bear killed in these parts—this was not the famous club-foot mentioned in various books (among them, "*Yosemite Trails*," by J. S. Chase, though, as a matter of fact, a shot from George Miller's rifle, and not the trap as mentioned by Chase in above named book, was the cause of the said club-foot), but a magnificent silver tip weighing thirteen hundred pounds, measuring over eight feet long.

One could write a large volume of the reminiscences of this great old hunter, reminiscences which rival those of James Capen Adams as detailed in the account of his life by T. H. Hittell, but the above must suffice. For the past ten years I have regularly taken my vacations in the form of hunting trips with George Miller, and have picked up a fairly accurate story of his life in the evenings around the camp fires, where, with some persuasion, he would tell yarns of the times now long past, when this was a first-class big game country, and with a little more coaxing would sing the songs of forty-nine.

I hope in the above disconnected and fragmentary sketch I have in some measure justified the title "*De Tal Palo Tal Astilla*." To me it has seemed that the same indomitable energy in the face of difficulties, the same resolute courage and tenacity of purpose, charac-

terized both father and son. Both were more than a little "sot in their ways," both had cast-iron constitutions, which enabled them to endure privations which the average man would wilt under; not "facile," either of them; both were good men and true, who, uncontaminated by their somewhat lurid surroundings, emerged clean, and played the game as they understood it to the limit—both were possessed of that two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage which Napoleon so admired, that level-headed, unruffled readiness to face the music, whatever it might be, at any time or in any place, and that with matter-of-fact, simple modesty, as if it were all part of the day's work. Of such a breed were the founders of this state, and I, for one, take off my hat to them.

When one reads, on the one hand, of the father, half pityingly and with thinly veiled contempt, telling the story of how his miserable companions, after four days of incredible hardships and no food, began to waver and grumble, whereas he, accustomed to both, was in no ways inconvenienced by either; and, on the other, of the son who hunted a particularly wise old grizzly bear for fourteen years, and, on at length coming up with him, tackled him alone in the dense brush, in the night time, armed only with an antiquated, single shot rifle, one cannot, it seems to me, fail to come to the conclusion that heredity does play a part in the make-up of men, and that the old saying is a true one, "*De Tal Palo Tal Astilla.*"

SWEET BETSEY FROM PIKE

Oh, don't you remember sweet Betsey from Pike,
Who crossed the big mountains with her lover Ike,
With two yoke of cattle, a large yellow dog,
A tall Shanghai rooster and one spotted hog.

Chorus:

Sing tooral lal, looral lal, looral lal la,
Sing tooral lal, looral lal, looral lal la,
Sing tooral lal, looral lal, looral lal la,
Dog on you, why don't you sing tooral lal la?

One evening quite early they camped on the Platte,
'Twas near by the road on a green shady flat,
Where Betsey, sore-footed, lay down to repose—
With wonder Ike gazed at that Pike County rose.

Chorus:

Their wagons broke down with a terrible crash,
And out on the prairie rolled all kinds of trash;
A few little baby clothes done up with care—
'Twas rather suspicious, though all on the square.

The Shanghai ran off, and their cattle all died;
That morning the last piece of bacon was fried;
Poor Ike was discouraged, and Betsey got mad,
The dog drooped his tail and looked wondrously sad.

They stopped at Salt Lake to inquire the way,
When Brigham declared that sweet Betsey should stay;
But Betsey got frightened and ran like a deer,
While Brigham stood pawing the ground like a steer.

They soon reached the desert, where Betsey gave out,
And down in the sand she lay rolling about;
While Ike, half distracted, looked on with surprise,
Saying, "Betsey, get up, you'll get sand in your eyes."

Sweet Betsey got up in a great deal of pain,
Declared she'd go back to Pike County again;
But Ike gave a sigh, and they fondly embraced,
And they traveled along with his arm round her waist.

They suddenly stopped on a very high hill,
With wonder looked down upon old Placerville;
Ike sighed when he said, and he cast his eyes down,
"Sweet Betsey, my darling, we've got to Hangtown."

Long Ike and sweet Betsey attended a dance;
Ike wore a pair of his Pike County pants;
Sweet Betsey was covered with ribbons and rings;
Says Ike, "You're an angel, but where are your wings?"

A miner said, "Betsey, will you dance with me?"
 "I will that, old hoss, if you don't make too free;
 But don't dance me hard; do you want to know why?
 Dog on you! I'm chock full of strong alkali!"

This Pike County couple got married, of course,
 And Ike became jealous—obtained a divorce;
 Sweet Betsey, well satisfied, said with a shout,
 "Good-by, you big lummux, I'm glad you backed out!"

LATHER AND SHAVE

It was down in a city, not far from this spot,
 Where a barber he opened a neat little shop—
 He was silent and sad, but his smile was so sweet
 That it pulled everybody right out of the street.

Chorus:

With his lather and shave—and finish them off.

One horrid bad custom he thought he would stop,
 That no one for credit should come to his shop;
 So he got him a razor full of notches and rust
 To shave the poor devils who came there for trust.

One day an old Irishman, passing by on his way,
 Whose beard had been growing for many a day,
 He looked at the barber, and set down his hod,
 "Won't you give me a shave for the pure love of God?"

"Walk in," says the barber, "sit down in this chair,
 And I'll soon mow your beard off right down to a hair,"
 So his lather he spread over Paddy's big chin,
 And with his trust razor to shave did begin.

"O murther!" says Pat, "now what are you doing,
 Leave off with your tricks or my jaws you will ruin,
 If I had you outside, I would surely you flog,
 Do you think I've got bristles, and you're shaving a hog?"

"Hold still," says the barber, "and don't make a din,
 While you're moving your jaws I'll be cutting your chin,"
 "Not cut, but saw, och, the razor you've got,
 It wouldn't cut butter if it wasn't made hot."

"O murther!" says Pat, "now don't shave any more,"
 And straight he bolted right out of the door,
 Saying, "You may lather and shave all your friends till you're sick,
 But, by Jasus, I'd rather be shaved with a brick."

'Twas not long afterwards, Pat was passing the door,
 When a Jackass he set up a terrible roar,
 "O murther!" says Pat, "just list' to the knave—
 He's giving some poor devil a love of God shave."